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1643

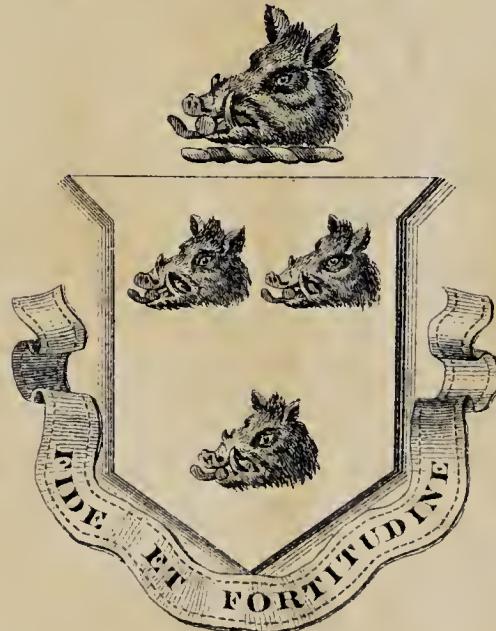
Accessions

149,662

Shelf No.

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Barton Library



Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

Gittford. 1816.

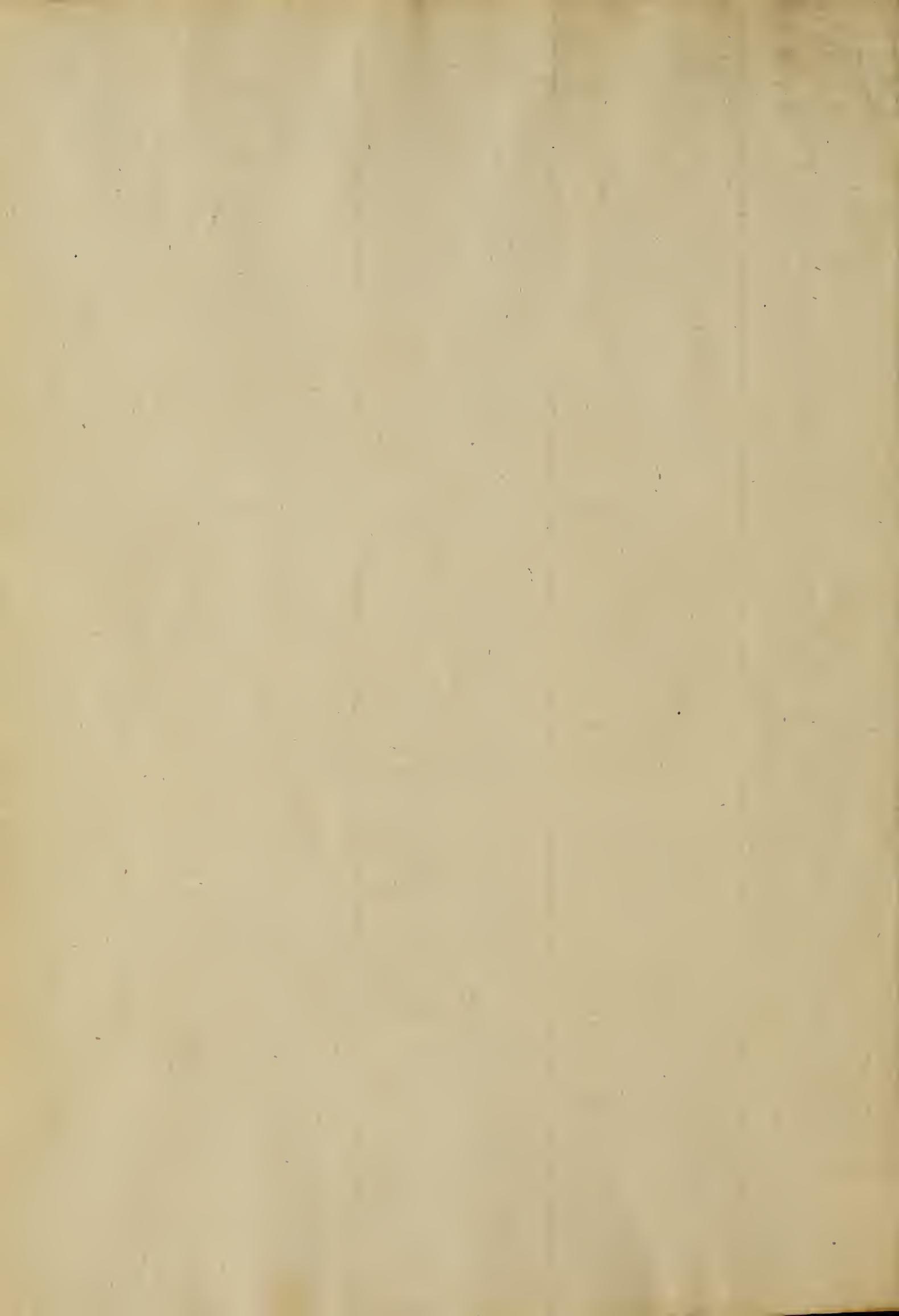
9. Jan: 1819.

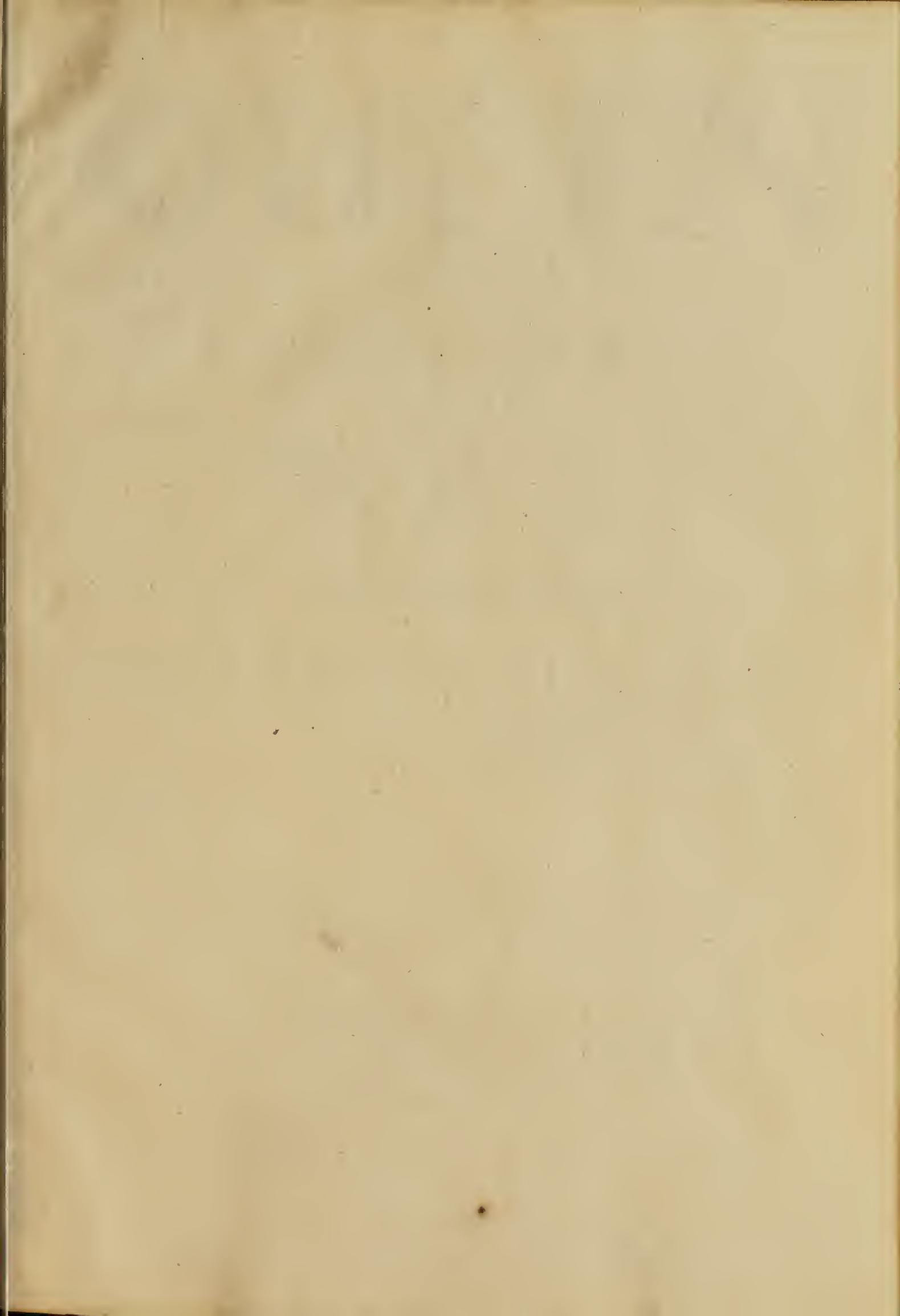
See Baker's *Bray: Dram.* vol. ii. p. 246. Part of the Plot
viz. the affair of Saphis swearing & desirs not to fight, is
taken from Belleforest's *Histoire François*. nov. 13.

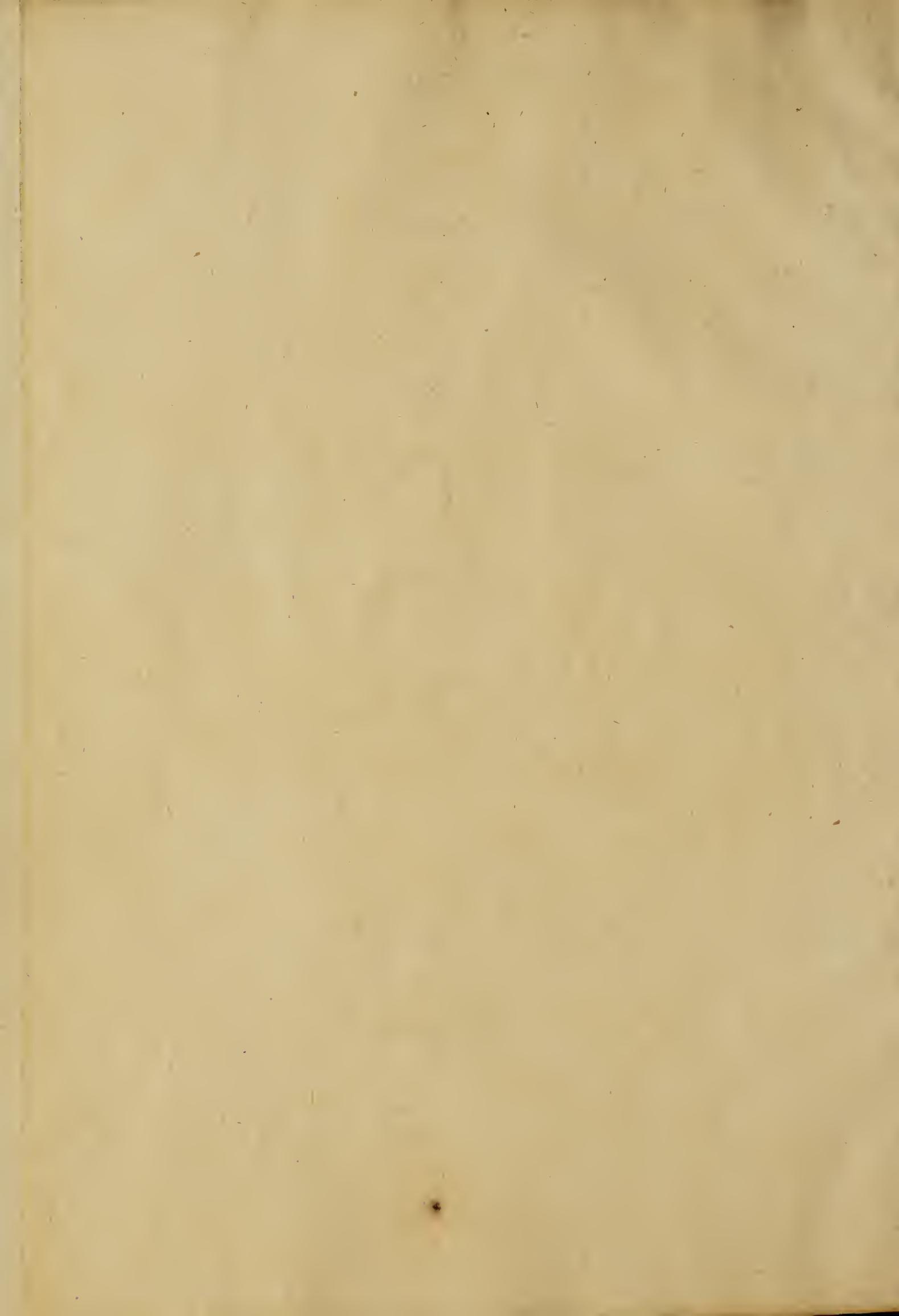
And I see same work ii. p. 179.
(Edit. 1812) under "The French Knight," by
Maelvin, where it is said — "The most
essential incidents of the plot are taken
from Bandelot's *Govets*, and are similar
to those in a play called "The Queen &c."

The incidents are almost identically
the same. Maelvin's Play was printed
in 1608, and it is probable that the
Author of this piece copied him.

J. P. B.







THE
QUEEN,
OR THE
EXCELLENCE
OF HER
SEX.

An Excellent old Play.

Found out by a Person of Honour, and gi-
ven to the Publisher,
ALEXANDER GOUGHE.

*Ἄυδις ἔτ' ἀλλο τέταρτον ἐπὶ χθονὶ πελυστεῖην,
Ζδὸς Κερνίδης ποίησε διηγότερην, καὶ ἄρετον
Ἡρωινῶν δεῖον γένεται, αὐτὴν γαλέονται
Ημίδεαι.*

Hesiod: lib: I.

— *Cedat jam Graia vetustas
Peltatas mirata Nurus, jam Volsca Camillas
Cedat, & Assyrias quæ fœmina flectit habenias
Fama tace, Majore cano —*

LONDON,

Printed by T. N. for Thomas Heath, in Russel Street, Near
the Piazza of Covent-Garden, 1653.

1803

THURSDAY

YONDER IN HOKK

1691662

X May 1873

ALL IS WELL

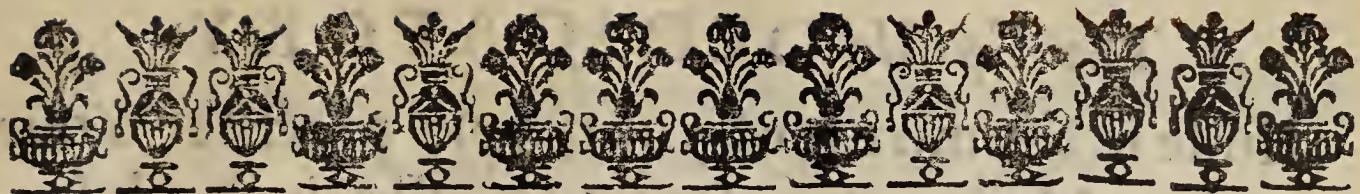
It has been a long day today
and I am very tired.
I hope you will have a good time.

It is now 10 PM and we are still here.
We have had a very hard day.
We have had a very hard day.
We have had a very hard day.

We have had a very hard day.
We have had a very hard day.
We have had a very hard day.
We have had a very hard day.

YESTERDAY

It was a very hard day.
We have had a very hard day.



TO THE
VERTUOUSLY NOBLE AND
TRULY HONORABLE LADY,
The Lady
CATHERINE MOHUN,
Wife to the Lord *Warwick Mohun*, Baron of
Okehampton, my highly honored L O R D.

May it please your Ladiship,



Adam, Imbolden'd by your accustomed candor and unmerited favours to things of the like nature, though disproportion'd worth: (Because this Excellency seems to contract those perfections her Sex hath been invested with, which are as essential to your Ladiship, as light to the Sun) I presumed to secure this innocent Orphan from the Thunder-shocks of the present blasting age, under the safe protecting wreath of your name; which (I am confident) the virtues of none can more justly challenge, then those of your Ladiship; who alone may seem to quicken the lifeless Scene, and to demonstrate its possibility; reducing Fables into Practicks; by making as great honour

The Epistle DEDICATORY.

visible in the mirror of your dayly practise. Your pardon, Madam, for daring to offer such adulterate Metals, to so pure a Mine ; for making the Shadow a present to the Substance; the thoughts of which was an offence, but the performance, a crime beyond the hopes of pardon. When my Fate had cast me on the first, I esteemed my self unsafe (with the Politian) should I not attempt the latter, securing one error by soaring at a greater : but my duller eyes endured not the proof of so glorious a Test, and the waxed juncture of my ill contrived feathers melt me into the fear of a fall: Therefore (with the most desperate offenders) I cast my self on the mercy of the Bench; and since I have so clement a Judge as your self, do not wholly despair of absolution, by reason my Penitential acknowledgment attones part of the offence; and your remission of the whole will eternally oblige,

MADAM, your obliged & Obedient Servt

The humblest of yourself

Ladishps Servants,

ALEXANDER GOUGH.

To Mr. Alexander Gouge upon his publishing
The excellent Play call'd the Queen ;
or the Excellencie of her Sex.

If Playes be looking glasses of our lives
Where dead examples quickning art revives :
By which the players dresse themselves, and we
By them may forme a living Imagry
To let those fyllied, lie in age in dust
Or break them with pretence of fit and justesse
Is a rude cruelty, as if you can
Put on the christian, and put off the man.
But must all morall handfomnes undoe
And may not be divine and civill too.
What though we dare not say the Poets art
Can save while it delights, please and convert ;
Or that blackfriers we heare which in this age
Fell when it was a church, not when a stage,
Or that the * Presbiteres that once dwelt there,
Prayed and thriv'd though the playhouse were so neare.
Yet this we dare affirme there is more gain
In seeing men act vice then vertue fain;
And he lesse tempts a danger that delights
In profest players then close Hypocrites,
Can there no favour to the scene be shewn
Because Jack Fletcher was a Bishops son,
Or since that order is condempn'd doe you
Think poers therefore Antichristian too;
Is it unlawfull since the stage is down
To make the press act : where no ladies swoone
At the red coates intrusion : none are strip't
No Hystrionastix has the copy whip't
No man d'on Womens cloth's : the guiltles presse
Weares its own innocent garment's : its own dresse
Such as free nature made it : Let it come
Forth Midwife Gouge, securely and if some
Like not the make or beautie of the play
Bear witnes to't and confidently say
Such a relict as once the stage did hold, with her
Ingenuous Reader, merits to be known.

Persons of the P L A Y.

Queen of Arragon.
Petruchi, a Young Lord.
Bufo, a Captain.
Pynto, an Astronomer.
Velasco, Queens General.
Lodovico, his friend.
Alphonso, afterwards King.
Collumello,
Almado,
Herophil, her Woman.
Salassa, widow, Mistress to Velasco.
Shaparoon, her friend.
Mopas, Velasco's man.
Hangman.
Messenger.
Groom.
Officers.

Kings Party: or an Assembly of Noblemen.

Counsellors to the Queen.



The Queen.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter Petruchi with Bufo, Pynto and Muretto, in poor habits.

Petr. All free; and all forgiven.



Omnis. Bless her Majesty.

Petr. Henceforth (my friends) take heed how you so hazard Your lives and fortunes on the peevish motion Of every discontent, you will not finde Mercy so ripe at all times.

Muret. Gracious Sir ! Your counsel is more like an Oracle, Then mans' advice, for my part I dare speak
For one, I rather will be rackt asunder Then e're again offend so wise a Majesty.

Petr. 'Tis well, your lives are once more made your own ; I must attend the execution Of your hot General, each shift now for your selves. Exit Petruchi.
Buf. Is he gone, ha, ha, ha !

We have the common Capony of the cleer heavens.

Once more o're our heads, Sirs.

Muret. We are at liberty out of the Hangmans clutches, Now, mark, what good language and fair words.

Will do, Gentlemen.

Pyn. Good language ? O, let me go back and be hang'd, rather then live within the rotten infection of thy Cankred breath ; the poysor of a flatterers tongue is a thousand times more deadly, then the twinges of a rope ; Thou birth of an unlucky Planet : I abhor thee.

Muret. Fy, fy ! Can you rail on your friends thus.

Pyn. Friends, my friend ! Captain, come from that slippery Eie, Captain. His very cradle was in dirt and mud ; His milk the oyl of serpents ; his mother a mangy Mermaid, and a male Crocodile begat him.

Muret. This needs not sweet, Signior Pynto.

The QUEEN,

Pyn. Sweet Signior ? Sweet Cog a foyst, go hang thy self, thou'dst jeer the very rags I wear off my back with thy fustians of sweet, precious, unmatchable, rare, wise, judicious, hey do ! Pox on thee ; Sirrah, Sirrah, Hast not thou many a time and often devoured a whole table of mine, garnisht with plenty, nay, variety of good wholesome fare, under the colour of telling news with a roughy complement ?

Muret. Good fare of thine !

Buf. Nay, dear Gentlemen.

Pyn. Mine ! I mine, Sycophant, I (dost mark me) to supply thy toters, paund a whole study of Ephemerides, so rich, that they might have set up a Corporation of Almanack makers; and what had I in return ? But protestations, (hearrest thou this maunderer) that I was, for learning, the soundest ; for bounty, the royallest ; for discourse, the sententious ; for behaviour, the absolutest ; for all endowments of minde and body, the most accomplitsh that nature ever call'd her workmanship : but thou dog, thou scoundrel, my beggery was the fruits of thy flattery. Stand off, Rascal, off.

Buf. This is excellent faith ;
Muret ! How, how ! I flatter ye ? What thee, thee ? A poor lousy uncloakt imposter, a deceitful, couzening, cheating, dull decoying fortune teller ; Thou pawn books ; thou, patcht out of an old Shepheards Calender, that discourses in time of the change of the weather. And whose were thy Ephemerides ? Why, Impudence, - wert thou ever worth Erra Pater's Prognostication ? Thou learned ! In what ? By filching, stealing, borrowing, eating, collecting, and counting with as weather-wise Ideots as thy self ; once in twelve moneths thou wert indeed delivered, (like a big bellied wife) of a two penny Almanack, at Easter. (A Hospital boy in a blew coat shall transcribe as much in six hours to serve all the year. Thou a table of meat, yes, Astronomers fare, air ; or at a feast upon high holy dayes, three red Sprats in a dish ; that was held gulfony 400.

I flatter thee ? Thou learned ?

Pyn. Rascal, Cannibal that feedest upon mans flesh.

Buf. Nay, pray, pray heartily Gentlemen ; in good earnest, and as I live, and by this hand now --

Muret. Right thou put'st me in minde what I should call thee ; Who was't the cause of all the late insurrection for which we were all like to be hang'd, and our brave General Alphonse is this day to suffer for ; who but thou, forsooth ; the influences of the Stars, the conjunction of the Planets, the prediction of the celestial bodies were peremptory, that if a' would but attempt a civil commotion, a' should (I marry should a') be strait crown'd present King of Arragon. Now your Gipsonly may i'th moon, your divination hath fairly mounted him ; poor Gentleman, he's sure to leave his head in pawn for giving credit to thy prognosticating ignorance.

Pyn. I scorn thee, Parasite.

Muret. You are a stinking starv'd-gut star-gazer. Is that flattery or no.

Buf. S foot, What do you mean, Signior Pynto, Signior Muretto ?

Pyn. I will be reveng'd, and watch my time, Sirrah.

Muret. Do.

Buf. This is strange my Masters, to be so neer the place of execution and prattle so loud ; Come, Signior Pynto, indeed la you shall shake hands.

Pyn. Let me alone, y're a foolish Captain. Muretto, I will display thee for a --

Muret. Hang thy self, I care not for thee this.

Buf. Foolish Captain, foolish Captain, heark ye, Pynto, there's no such good meaning in that word.

Pyn. A Parrat can echo, talk to Schollers so.

Muret. A proper Scholler, stitcht up of waste paper.

Buf. Sneaks, if I be a fool, I'll bang out the wits of some of your nobles, or dry bastinado your sides.

Ye Dogrel, inauny scabbed owl-glasses,

I'll

or the Excellency of her S E X.

I'll mawle yee, so I will.

Muret. Captain, sweet Captain, nay, look, now will you put your discretion to coxcombs?

Buf. Yes, the proudest coxcombs of 'em all, if I be provok'd; foolish, flesh and blood cannot eudur't.

Muret. So, goodman sky-walker, you have made a trim hand on't, to chafe your self into a throat cutting.

Buf. I will shred you both so small, that a very botcher shall shred Spanish needles, with every fillet of your itchy flesh; call me foolish, ye whelps-moyles; my father was a Corn-cutter, and my mother a muscle-woman; 'tis known what I am, and I'll make you know what I am, If my choler be raised but one inch higher.

Pyn. Well, I see Mars and Saturn, were thy Planets.

Thou art a valiant souldier, and there's no dealing with ye. For the Captains sake, I will abate my indignation, Muretto. But--

Buf. But i'thy face, I'll have no buts, S' bores, the black-guard is more honorably futed then any of us three. Foolish, foolish, will never out of my head whilst I live.

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

Muret. Long life, eternal prosperity, the blessing o'th heavens, and honors of the Earth, crown the glorious merits of the incomparable, Captain Don Velasco.

Pyn. The Chime goes again, Captain.

Velas. Who are these poor Creatures, Lodovico.

Lodov. My Lord, I know them now, they are some of the late mutineers, whom you (when you took Alphonso prisoner) presented to the rigor of the Law, but since they are by the Queen's pardon set at liberty.

Velas. I should know yonder fellow. Your name is Bufo, if I mistake not.

Buf. My name is my own name, Sir, and Bufo is my name, Sir; if any man shall deny't, I dare challenge him in de-

fence of my Godfathers that gave me that name, Sir; and what say you to that, Sir?

Muret. A shallow, unbrain'd, weak, foolish fellow; and so forth: Your lordship understands me; But for our parts my good Lord--

Velas. Well, Gentlemen, I cannot tell you now,

That any poor endeavours of mine own Can work Alphonso's peace; yet I have spoke

And kneell'd and sued for his reprieve.

The Queen hath heard me, and Hath heard, but will not grant; This is the day, and this the hour, And this the time, and place, where he must render up his life unto the Law. I onely can be sorry.

Enter Petruchi, after the hangman bearing the axe before Alphonso, with Officers.

Petr. Alphonso, here's the place; and this the hour; Your doom is past, and now the sword of Law Must cut the vein that swell'd with such a frensy as I saw you take, Of dangerous blood against your Queen and Country. Prepare your self; 'tis now too late to hope!

Alph. Petruchi, what is done I did, my wrong'd Was pitty of my country, not malice to it. I sought to free wrack'd Arragon from ruin,

Which a fond woman's government must bring. O had you and the nobles of this land, A touch but of the miseries, her weakness

Must force ye of necessity to feel, You would with me have bent your naked swords Against this female Mistress of the Crown, And not have been such children to have fawn'd

The QUEEN,

Upon a girl's nodd. *Will you be led*
Petr. You are distracted; *you will*
She is our lawful Sovereign, we her
Subjects. *will walk ill*
Alph. Subjects, Petruchi, abjects, and
so live; *and in this robes* girl to
I come to die, on to the execution. *will*
Pyn. Here's a high Saturnal spirit,
Captain.

Buf. Pox o' spirits when they mount
a man to the Hangmans mercy, I do not
like such spirits,
Let me rather be a moon calf.

Velas. I come to bid farewell, and in
farewell, *to the like end* to bid
To excuse my much ill fortune, for be-
leeve, Sir, *and him* or him self
I hold my victory an overthrow.
To tell you how incessantly I ply'd in
Her Grace, for your remission, were as
useless

As was my suit, I sorry for your youth.
Let's part yet reconcil'd.

Alph. With all my heart;
It is my glory, that I was reduc'd
By the best man at arms, that ever
Hath stild a Souldier -- Alas! What
souls are those? *but it is* now too late.
Now, now, in seeing them I die too late.

Buf. O brave General, O noble Gene-
ral, we are still the rags of the old Re-
giment. The truth on't is, we were loth
to leave thee, till thy head and shoul-
ders parted companies. But sweet good
dear General take courage, what, we
are all mortal men, and must every one
pass this way, as simple as we stand
here.

Alph. Give me thy hand, farewell; the
Queen is merciful in sparing you; I have
not ought to give thee but my last
thanks.

Buf. Elift o' giving, our clothes are
paid for, and

A day will come shall quit us all.

Alph. Art thou, and thou there too;
well, leave thy art,
And do not trust the fixions of the stars,
They spoke no truth by me: My Lord

Velasco,

That creature, there, Muretto, is a man

Of honest heart, for my sake take him to
you: *will you*

And now soft, peace to all, *to you*, to

Pyn. I will burn my books, forsware
the liberal sciences; and that is my reso-
lution. *will it* *will it*

Buf. Go thy way, for the larrantest
General, that ever led crew of brave
Sketdreus.

Petr. Will you make ready, Sir?

Alph. Petruchi, yes, I have a debt to
pay, 'tis natures due.

Fellow before thou ask my pardon, take
it; *will it* *will it*

Be sure and speedy in thy fatal blow:

Hangm. Never fear clean shaving, Sir.

Alph. May I have leave to meditate?

Petr. You may.

Lodov. A gallant resolution, even in
death.

Enter Queen, Collumello, Almada,
Herophil, and attendants.

Col. Stay execution 'tis her Highnes-
s pleasure;

Alphonso rise ye, and behold the Queen.

Alph. Beslirew the voice of Majesty,
my thoughts. Were fixt upon an upper Region now,
And traffick not with Earth; alas great
woman,

What newer tyranuy, what doom, what
torments

Are borrowed from the conclave of that
hell,

Where legions of worse Devils, then are

in hell;

Keep revels, a proud woman's heart.

What plagues
Are broach'd from thence to kill me?

Pyn. The moon is now Lady
of the ascendant, and the man *Aside*.

will dye raving.

Alm. Fy, Alphonso,
Will you commit another strange com-

motion;

with your unruly tongue. And what,

you cannot

Perform in act, attempt to do in words?

A dying man be so uncharitable.

Alph. Cry mercy, she is Queen of Ar-

ragon,

And

or the Excellency of her S E X.

And would with her own eyes (instead
of maskes) And courtly sports) behold amant of
death.

Queen, welcom, Queen, here quaff my
blood like wine ; I will not
And live a brave she tyrant. I would
Qu. Alas, poor man. A/pb. Poor man, that looks on me, de-
lighted to destroy me !

Baf. Good boy i faith, by this hand a
speaks just as I would do; for all that he
is so near being made puddings meat.

Qu. You are sorry For your late desperate rudeness, Are
you not ?

Alph. By all my miseries these taunts
are cruelty, Worse then the Hangmans ax, I am not
sorry, Nay more, will not be sorry, know from
me I hate your sex in general, not you As y're a Queen, but as y're a woman :
Had I a term of life could last for ever,
And you could grant it, yes, and would,
yet all
Or more should never reconcile my
heart To any she alive -- are ye resolved?

Qu. His spirit flies out in his daring
language.

Alphonso though the law require thy
head, Yet I have mercy where I see just cause :
You'll be a new man ?

Alph. Oh ! A woman's tongue
Is sharper then a pointed steel; Tender,
Madam, I kiss your Royal hand, and call you
fair,
Assure this noble, this uncovered pre-
sence,

That richest vertue is your bosoms te-
nant,

That you are absolutely great and good;
I'll flatter all the vices of your sex,
Protesting men are monsters, women
Angels,
No light ones, but full weighty, natures
best,
I'll proclaim lust a pitty, pride a hand-
someness,

Deceit ripness of wit, bold scandalous
scolding,

A bravery of spirit; bloody cruelty,
Masculine justice ; more I will maintain
That Queens are chief for rule, you
chief of Queens,

If you'll but give me leave to die in
peace.

Pray give me leave to die. Pray good
now do,

What think ye, 'tis a Royal grant; hence-
forth:

Heaven be the rest you chose, but never
come at.

A kinde farewell to all.

Col. Can you endure
To let a Rebel prate? off with his head,

And let him then dispute.

Petr. I should have us'd
The priviledge of time, had I known

this.

You must not talk so loud.

Qu. My Lords, a word :
What if we pardoned him, I think the

neerness of his arrival to the stroke of
death,

Will ever be a warning to his Royalty.

Alm. How pardon him ! What means
at your Majesty ?

What can you hope from one so wholly
drown'd.

In melancholy and sowre discontent ;
That should he share the Crown , a'

would imployt
On none but Apes and Flatterers.

Velas. Spare, my Lord
Such liberal censure, rather reyn the

fury, Of Justice, then so spur it on. Great

Mistris, I will not plead my services, but urge
The glories you may challenge by your
mercy.

It will be a most sweet becoming act
To set you in the Chronicles of memory.

Qu. Velasco, thou art not more brave
in arms

To conquer with thy valour, then thy
courtesie.

Alphonso, take thy life, who took thee
prisoner,

Is now become thy spokesman.

Alph.

The QUEEN,

Alph. Phew, mock not at me ! the Calamity so grossly.

Velas. You are too desperate : The Queen hath freely pardoned you.

Qu. And more to purchase kinde opinion of thy Sex, our selfe will lend our help. Lords, all your hands.

Lord. But is the Queen in earnest ?

Velas. It becomes her, when ev'ry mans Mercy is God like.

Qu. Officers be gone. Exit Officers. Such objects for a Royal presence are unfit, here kiss our hand, we dare conceive

That 'twas thy hight of youth, that hate of us

Drew thee to those attempts, and both I we pardon.

Muret. Do not the stars run a wrong byas now, Signior Pyno?

Pyn. Venus is Lady of the Ascendant, man. I knew if once he pass the fatal hour, the influence would work another way.

Muret. Very likely, your reasons are infallible.

Qu. What can our favours challenge.

Alph. More true service, True faith, true Love, then I have words to utter.

Qu. Which we accept, lead on, here ends this strife,

When Law craves justice, mercy should grant life.

Exit all but Pynto and his fellows.

Pyn. Go thy waies for a sure sound brain'd piece, whilst thou livest; Pynto, say I, now, now, now, am I an ass, now my Masters, hang your selves, 's foot, I'll stand to't ; that man whoever he be, (better or worse, all's one) who is not star wise, is natures fool; your Astronomer hath the heavens, the whole globe of the earth, and the vast gulf of the Sea it self, for his proper kingdom, his fee simple, his own inheritance, who looks any higher then the top of a steeple, or a may-pool, is worthy to die in a ditch. But to know the conjuncti ons of the Planets, the influences of the celestial body, the harmony of the sphareas, frost and snow, hail and tem-

pests, rain and sun-shine, nay, life and death ; here's cunning, to be deep in speculation, to be groping the secrets of nature.

Muret. O, Sir, there, there, there.

Pyn. Let me alone, I say it my self, I know I am a rare fellow, why, look, look ye, we are all made, or let me be stew'd in Star-shit ; pish, I am confident, and we shall all mount, believe it.

Buf. Shall we, nay, then I am resolv'd.

Muret. Frier Bacon was but a brazen head, in comparison of him.

Buf. But why should you not have said so much before, goodman Jolthead?

Muret. Nay, look ye, Captain, there's a time for all things.

Buf. For all this, what will become of us ; 'tis the sign lucky to venture the beggling of a cast suite ? Let me be resolved of that once.

Muret. Twas wisely urg'd, Captain.

Pyn. Mans richest ornament is his nakedness, Gentlemen, variety of cloathing is the surqudry of fools; wise men have their proper solace in the linings of their mindes ; as for fashions, 'tis a disease for a horse.

Muret. Never richer stuff came from man.

Buf. Zookes, 'tis a scurvy, a pocky, and a naked answer ; a plague of all your sentences, whilst I am like to starve with hunger and cold.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. By your leave, Gentlemen, the Lord Alphonso hath sent you this purse of gold, commands ye to put your selves into costly suites, and repair to Court;

All. How ! To Court !

Mes. Where you may happily see him Crowned King, for that's the common report ; I was charg'd to urge you to be very speedy : farewell, Gentlemen.

Exit!

Pyn. What think ye now, my hearts of gold ?

Muret. Hearts of gold indeed now, Signior.

Pyn.

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Pyn. Pish, I am a coxcomb, I ; Oh, the divinity of--

Buf. Bawll no more, the weather's cold, I must have utensicles, follow your leader, ho. *Exit all.*

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

Velas. Prethee perswade me not.

Lodov. You'll loose your honor.

Velas. Ide rather loose my honor than my faith :

O, Lodovico, thou art witness with me, that I have sworn, and pledg'd my heart, my truth to her deserving memory, whose beauty, is through the world unfellowed.

Lodov. Here the wisdom of sword men, They deal all by strength not policy. What exercise shall be fain'd, let me know that ?

Velas. Excuse, why, Lodovico, I am sick, And I am sick indeed, sick to the soul.

Lodov. For a decay'd tilter, or a known Coward, this were tollerable now. But to the business ; I have solicited your widow.

Velas. Will she not speak with me ?

Lodov. Young widows, and grave old Ones, two, by your leave care not so much for talking ; if you come once to them you must do, and do, and do again, Again, and again, all's two little, you'll finde it.

Velas. Come, friend, you mock my miseries.

Lodov. It's a fine laughing matter when the best and most approved soldier of the world, should be so heartsick for love of a placket : Well, I have sent your wife servant (for fools are best to be trusted in womens things) to my couzen Shaparoon, and by him your second letter, you shall shortly hear what news : My couzen is excellently traded in these mortal businesses of flesh and blood, and will hardly come off with two denials.

Velas. If she prevail, Lodovico.

Lodov. What then ? Ply your occupation when you come to't, 'tis a fit season of the year, women are hony moon if a man could jump with them at the

instant, and prick 'em in the right vain ; else this Queen would never have sav'd a Traytor from the block, and suddenly made him her King and Husband. But no more of that, there's danger in't, Ye are sick you say ?

Velas. Pierc't through with fiery darts, much worse then death.

Lodov. Why your onely present remedy is, then as soon as you can, to quench those fires in the watry Channels of Qualification : soft, no more words, behold a prodegy.

I ban thy talk, now I have a good Florish.

Enter Colonnello, Almada bare, Alphonso and the Queen Crowned, Hero-
philus, Petrucci with a Guard,
the King and Queen take their seats.

All. Long live Alphonso King of Aragon.

Alph. Then we are Sovereign.

Qu. As free, as I by birth : I yeeld to you (my Lord) my Crown, my Heart,

My People, my Obedience ; In exchange What I demand is Love.

Alph. You cannot miss it ; There is but one thing that all humane power Or malice of the Devil could set a broach, To work on for a breach twixt you and

me. One thing ! Why, is there one thing then, my Lord ?

Alph. Yes, and 'tis onely this ; Ye are still a woman.

Qu. A woman ! Said you so, sir ?

Alph. I confess You have deservd more service, more regard

From me, in my particular; then life Can thank you for ; and that you may conceive, My fair acknowledgment ; altho' this is true,

I might command ; yet I will make a suit, An earnest suit t'ee.

The QUEEN,

Qu. It must then be granted.
Alph. That to redeem a while some serious thoughts
Which have misdeem'd your sex. You'll be content
To be a married Bachelor one sennight.
You cannot but conceive.

Col. How's this?
Petr. Fine work.

Qu. Alas my Lord, this needs no publick mention.

Alph. Nay, Madam, hear me, That our Courts be kept Under a several roof; that you and I May not for such a short time, come together.

Qu. I understand you not.
Alph. Your patience, Madam, You interrupt me, That no message pass Of commendation, questioning our healths, Our sleeps, our actions, or what else belongs To common curtesie, 'twixt friend, and friend. You must be pleas'd to grant it, I'll have it so.

Qu. No message of commands!
Alph. Phew, you demur, It argues your distrust.

Qu. I am content The King should be obeyed. Pray heaven all be well.

Alph. Velasco, thou wer't he didst conquer me, Didst take me prisoner? wer't in that the means To raise me up thus high? I thank thee for't; I thought to honour thee in a defence Of the Queens beauty; but wee'l now deferr't.

Yet hand your mistres, lead her to the Court, We and our Lords will follow, there wee'l part;

A seven dayes absence cannot seem but short.

Ex. all.

A&I.I.

Enter Shaparoon and Mopas.

Shap. And as I said (nay, pray my friend be covered) the business hath been soundly followed on my part. Yet again, in good sooth, I cannot abide you should stand bare before me to so little purpose.

Mop. Manners is a Jewel (Madam) and as for standing bare, I know there is som difference, the putting down of a mans cap, and the putting down of his breeches before a reverend gentlewoman.

Shap. You speak very properly, there is a great deal of difference indeed. But to come to the point; Fy, what a stir I had to make her to receive the letter, and when she had received it, to open it, and then to read it; nay, to read it again and again; that as I am a very woman, a man might have wrong my smock dropping wet, with the pure sweat that came from my body. Friend, I took such pains with her. Oh my conscience, to bear a child at those years would not trouble me half so much as the delivery of that letter did.

Mop. A man-child of my age perhaps, Madam, would not.

Shap. Yet that were a sore burthen for one that is not us'd to't, I may tell you. O these coy girles are such wild cattle to have dealing with.

Mop. What ancient Madams cannot do one way, let them do another; she's a rank Jade that being past the breeder, cannot kick up her heels, wince, and cry wee-hee: good examples cannot chuse from ones elders, but work much to the purpose, being well ply'd, and in season.

Shap. In season? True, that's a chief thing; yes, I'll assure you my friend, I am but entring into eight and twenty.

Mop. Wants somewhat of that too, I take it; I warrant ye your mark ap-

or the Excellency of her S E X.

pears yet to be seen for proof of your age, as plain as when you were but fifteen.

Shap. Truly, if it were well searcht, I think it does.

Your name is *Mopas*, you told me?

Mop. *Mopas* my name is, and yours Madam *Shaparoon* I was told.

Shap. A right Madam born I can assure ye.

Mop. Your Ancestors will speak that, for the *Shaparoons* have ever took place of the best French-hoods in the parish; ever since the first addition.

Shap. All this with a great deal of modesty I must confess. Ud's Pittikins, stand by, aside a little: see where the lady comes; do not appear before you are call'd, in any case: but mark how I will work her like wax.

Enter *Salassa* reading a letter.

Salas. Your servant in all commands *Velasco*. So, and I am resolved to put ye to the test, servant, for your free fools heart, e're I give you the slip, I warrant ye.

Shap. Your ladyship hath considered the premises e're this time, at full, I hope.

Salas. O, *Shaparoon*, you keep true sentinel, what? I must give certain answer; must I not?

Shap. Nay, Madam, you may chuse, 'tis all in your Ladiships discreet consideration. The sum of all is, that if you shew him not some favour, he is no long lives man.

Salas. Very well; how long have you been a factress for such Merchants, *Shaparoon*.

Shap. O my Religion! I a factress? I am even well enough serv'd for my good will; and this is my requital. Factress, quoth you?

Salas. Come, your intercession shall prevail, which is his letter carrier?

Mop. At your ladiships service.

Salas. Your Lord *Velasco* sent you?

Mop. Most true, sweet madam.

Salas. What place hold you about him?

Mop. I am his Drugster, Madama.

Salas. What Sir?

Mop. Being hard bound with melancholy, I give him a purge, with two or three soluble stools of laughter.

Salas. Belike you are his fool, or his jester.

Mop. Jester if you please, but not fool, Madam; for bables belong to fools, and they are then onely fit for ladies secrecies, not for Lords.

Salas. But is he indeed sick of late?

Shap. Alas good heart, I suffer for him.

Enter *Lodovico*.

Lodov. By your leave lady, without ceremony, you know me, and may guess my errand.

Salas. Yet more trouble, nay, then I shall be hail-shot.

Lodov. To be brief. By the honors of a good name, you are a dry-skinn'd widow, and did not my hast concern the life of the noblest Gentleman in Europe, I would as much scorn imployments of this nature to you, as I do a proud woman of your condition.

Mop. I marry here's one will thunder her widow-head into flitters: stand to't, Signior, I am your second.

Salas. Sir y'are uncivil to exclaim against a lady in her own house.

Lodov. A lady, yet a paraquitto, pipingjay, your whole worth lies in your gay out side, and your squawling tongue.

A Wagtail is a glorious fowl in respect of many of ye.

Though most of ye are in nature as very fowl as wagtayles.

Salas. Are such as you the Lord *Velasco*'s agents in his hot affection?

Shap. Sweet couzen, *Lodovico*, pray now, the lady is most virtuously resolved.

Mop. Hark ye middle-ag'd countess, do not take another's tale into your mouth, I have occasion to use you in private, and can finde you work enough my self, a word in your ear.

Salas. I protest, I meant more noble answer

The QUEEN,

answer for his satisfaction, then ever your railing language shall force from me.

Lodov. Were I the man that doated on you, I would take a shorter course with you, then to come humbly whining to your sweet--pox of all such ridiculous poppery--I would--

Salas. Weep your self to death, and be chronicled among the regiment of kinde tender hearted souls.

Lodov. Indeed, forsooth, I would not; what, for a widdow one that hath jumpt the old moyles trot, so oft, that the sciatica founders her yet in both her thighs.

Salas. You abuse me grossly.

Lodov. One that hath been so often drunk with satiety of pleasure, that fourteen husbands are but as half a draught to quench her thurst in an afternoon.

Salas. I will no longer endure ye.

Lodov. For you, you? That are neither noble, wise, rich, fair, nor well-fayoured. For you?

Mop. You are all these, if you can keep your own counsel and let no body know, Mistris Madam.

Shap. Nay I am so perswaded, and assure your self no body shall know.

Lodov. Yet forsooth, must you be the onely precious piece the Lord Velasco must adore, must dye for. But I vow, if he do miscarry, (as I fear he cannot recover.)

Salas. Goodness forbid, Alas! Is he sick, sir?

Lodov. Excellent dissimulation! Yes sure, he is sick, and an everlasting silence strike you dumb that are the cause on't. But, as I said, if he do go the wrong way, as I love vertue, yourladiship shall be ballared through all Christendomi, and sung to sciroy tunes, and your picture drawn over every ballad, sucking of rotten eggs among wheasels.

Salas. Pray give me leave; Is Lord Velasco sick? And lies there ought in me to comfort, or recover him?

Lodov. Marry does there the more Infidel he: And what of all this now?

Salas. What would you have me do?

Lodov. Wonders, either go and visit him, or admit him to visit you; these are mighty favours are they not?

Salas. Why, good Sir, I will grant the later willingly; he shall be kindly welcom.

Lodov. And laugh at while he is here: shall a not?

Salas. What would you have me say? My best entertainment shall be open to him; I will discourse to him freely, if he requires it privately: I will be all what in honour I should.

Lodov. Certifie him so much by letter.

Salas. That cannot stand with my modesty, my word and truth shall be my gage.

Lodov. Enough, do this, and by this hand I'll ask you pardon for my rudeness, and ever heartily honour you.

Map. I shall hear from you when my leasures serves.

Shap. Most assuredly. Good destines speed your journey.

Mop. All happiness ride ever before you, your disgraces behinde you, and full pleasure in the midst of ye.

Exeunt.

Enter Bufo in fresh apparel, ushering

Herophil.

Her. My over kinde, Captain, what would you say?

Buf. Why, Mistris, I would say, as a man might say forsooth, indeed I would say:

Her. What, Captain?

Buf. Even whatsoever you would haye me to say, forsooth.

Her. If that be all, pray say nothing.

Buf. Why look ye, Mistris, all what I say if you mark it well, is fust nothing; As for example, To tell you that you are fair, is nothing, for you know it your self; to say you were honest, were an indignity to your beauty, and upon the matter nothing, for honesty in a fair woman is as good as nothing.

Her. That is somewhat strange to be proved.

Buf. To a good wit, dear Mistris, nothing's impossible.

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Her. Sure the Court and your new clothes have infected you: Would I were a purse of gold, for your sake, Captain, to reward your wit.

Buf. I would you were, mistris, so you were not counterfeit metal, I should soon try you on the too true touchstone of my affections, indeed forsooth.

Her. Well, witty Captain, for your love I must pass away in debt, but will not fail to think on't. But now I am in hast.

Buf. If you would but grant me but one poor request before you go, I shold soon dispatch and part.

Her. Name it, Captain.

Buf. Truly, and as I live, 'tis a very small triffler for your part, all things considered.

Her. But cannot you tell what it is?

Buf. That were a fine jest indeed, why, I would desire, intreat, and beseech you.

Her. What to do?

Buf. There you have it, and thank you too.

Her. I understand you not.

Buf. Why, To do with you, forsooth, to do with you.

Her. To do what?

Buf. In plain words, I would commit with you, or as the more learned phrase it, if you be pleased to consent, I would ravish you.

Her. Fy, fy, Captain, so uncivil, you made me blush.

Buf. Do I say; why, I am glad I have it for you: Souldiers are hot upon service, mistris, and a wise mans bolt is soon shot; as the proverb says:

Her. Good Captain, keep up your bolt till I am at leisure to stand fair for your mark. If the Court Stalions prove all so rank, I will vow all to ride henceforth upon an ass; so, Captain, I must leave you. *Exit Herophil.*

Buf. Fare-wel heartily to you forsooth.

Go thy waies for as true a Mistris as ever fowled clean Napary. This same whorson Court diet, cost, lodging, change of

clothes, and ease, have addicted me villanously to the itch of concupiscence.

Enter Alphonso ; Pynto and Muretto complementing on either side of him.

Alph. They all shall not intreat me.

Muret. Your Majestie were no King, if your own will were not your own law.

Pyn. Always, my Lord, observing the domination of the Planets : As if *Mars* and *Venus* being in conjunction, and their influence working upon your frailty; then in any case you must not resist the motion of the celestial bodies.

Muret. All which (most gracious Sovereign) this most famous Scoller will at a minute foretel.

Buf. All hail to the King himself, my very good Liege, Lord, and most gracious benefactor.

Alph. What need I other counsellors then these.

Shall I be forc't to be a womans slave? That may live free, and hate their fickle sex.

Muret. O 'tis a glorious vertue in so magnificent a Prince to abstain from the sensual surfeits of fleshly and wanton appetites.

Alph. I finde the inclination of such follies.

Why, what are women?

Buf. Very pleasant pretty necessary toys, an't please your Majesty; I my self could pass the time with them, as occasion migh serve, eight and forty hours outright, one to one alwaies provided.

Pyn. Yet of all the seven planets, there are but two women among them, and one of them two is chaste, which is as good as if shee were a boy.

Muret. That is not to be questioned; the best of women are but troubles and vexations, 'tis man that retains all true perfection, and of all men your Majesty.

Enter Almada and Collumello.

Alph. Ye are to rude to enter on our privacies,

The QUEEN,

Without our license, speak, your business Lords.

Alm. We came from your most vertuous Queen.

Alph. No more.

Col. A month is well nigh past, and yet you slack Your love to her : What mean you, sir, so strangely

To slight a wife whose griefs grow now too high, For womanhood to suffer.

Alm. Is't your pleasure To admit her to your bosom ?

Alph. Y'are too sawcy. Return, and quickly too, and tell her thus ; If she intend to keep her in our favour, Let us not see her.

Col. Say you so, Great Sir; You speak it but for tryal

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. O, Sir, remember what you are, and let not The insinuations of these servile creatures, Made onely men by you, sooth and tralduce Your safety to a known and willful danger.

Fix in your thoughts the ruine you haye scap't ; Who freed you ; who hath rais'd you to this height,

And you will then awake your judgments eye : The Commons murmur, and the streets are fill'd With busie whispers : Yet in time recal Your violence.

Alph. As I am King, the tongue Forfeits his head that speaks another word. Muretto, Talk we not now like a King ?

Muret. Like one that hath the whole World for his proper Monarchy, and it becomes you Royally.

Enter Queen, Petruchi, and Herophil.

Buf. The Queen, and my Mistris ; O brave, we shall have some doings hard to hand now, I hope.

Alph. What means the woman ? Ha !

Is this the duty Of a good wife, we sent not for you, did we ?

Qu. The more my duty that I came unsent for ; Wherein my gratiouse Lord have I offended ? Wherein have I transgrest against thy laws

O sacred Marriage ? To be sequestred In the first spring and April of my joys From you, much dearer to me, then my life ?

By all the honour of a spotless bed, Shew me my fault, and I will turn away, And be my own swift executioner.

Alph. I take that word. Know then you married me Against my will, and that's your fault.

Qu. Alas ! Against your will ? I dare not contradict.

What you are pleased to urge. But by the love

I bare the King of Arragon, (an oath As great as I can swear by) I conceiv'd Your words to be true speakers of your heart,

And I am sure they were ; you swore they were.

How should I but beleeve, that lov'd so dearly ?

Alph. Come then you are a trifler, for by this

I know you love me not.

Qu. Is that your fear ? Why la now, Lords, I told you that the King

Made our division but a proof of faith. Kinde husband, now I'm bold to call

you so ; Was this your cunning to be jealous of me

So soon ? We women are fine fools To search mens pretty subtleties.

Muret. You'll scarce finde it so. Aside.

Alph. She would perswade mee strangely.

Qu. Prethee, Sweet heart, Force not thy self to look so sadly, troth It sutes not with thy love, 'tis well. Was this

or the Excellency of her Sex.

Your sennights respite? Yet, as I am a Queen,
I fear'd you had been in earnest.

Alph. Earnest: Hence
Monstrous enchantress, by the death I owe

To Nature, thou appear'st to me in this More impudent then impudence, the tyde

Of thy luxurious blood is at the full; And cause thy raging plurisie of lust Cannot be sated by our royal warmth, Thou tri'st all cunning petulent charms to raise

A wanton devill up in our chaste brest. But we are Canon-proof against the shot Of all thy arts.

Qu. Was't you spoke that, my Lord?

Pyn. Phaeton is just over the orb of the moon, his horses are got loose, and the heavens begin to grow into a combustion.

Alph. I'll sooner dig a dungeon in a mole-hill, And hide my crown there, that both fools and children May trample o're my Royalty, then ever Lay it beneath an antick womans feet. Couldst thou transhape thy self into a man,

And with it be more excellent then man Can be; yet since thou wer' t a woman once,

I would renounce thee.

Petr. Let the King remember It is the Queen he speaks too.

Alph. Pish, I know She would be well contented but to live

Within my presence; not for love to me, But that she might with safety of her honour,

Mix with some hot vein'd lecher, whose prone lust

Should feed the rank impostume of desires,

And get a race of bastards, to whose birth

I should be thought the Dad. But thou, thou woman,

E're I will be the cloak to thy false play, I'll couple with a witch, a hag; for if

Thou canst live chaste, live by thy self like me.

Or if thou wouldest perswade me that thou lov'st me, See me no more, never. From this time forth

I hate thy sex; of all thy sex, thee, worst.

Exit Alphonso, Bufo, Pyno.

Alm. Madam, dear Madam, yet Take comfort, time will work all for the best

Qu. Where must I go?

Col. Y'are in your own Kingdom, 'tis your birth-right,

We all your Subjects; not a man of us, But to the utmost of his life, will right Your wrongs against this most unthankful King.

Qu. Away, ye are all Traytors to profane

His sacred merits with your bitter terms. Why, am I not his Wife? A wife must bear

Withal what likes her Lord t' upbraid her with,

And yet 'tis no injustice. What was't he said?

That I no more should see him, never, never.

There I am quite divorst from all my joys,

From all my paradice of life. Not see him?

'Twas too unkinde a task. But he commanded

I cannot but obey. Where's Herophil?

Her. Here Madam.

Qu. Go hang my Chamber all with mourning black;

Seal up my windows, let no light survey, The subtle tapers that must eye my griefs.

Get from me Lords, I will desie ye all, Y'are men, and men (O me) are all unkinde.

Comie hither Herophil, spread all my robes,

My jewels and apparel on the floor, And for a Crown get me a Willow wreath:

No, no, that's not my colour, buy me a veil

The QUEEN,

Ingraynd in tawny. Alas, I am forsaken,
And none can pitty me.

Petr. By all the faith
I owe to you my sovereign, if you please
To enjoy me any service, I will prove
Most ready and most true,

Qu. Why should the King
Despise me? I did never cross his will,
Never gainsaid his, yea; yet sure I fear
He hath some ground for his displeasure.

Her. None,
Unless because you sav'd him from the
block.

Qu. Art thou a pratler too? Peace,
Herophil,
Tempt not a desperate woman. No man
here

Dares do my last commands to him.

Muret. If your excellent Majesty
please to repose confidence in me; I will
not onely deliver him your commendations,
but think my self highly dishonored,
if he return not his back to you by
letter.

Petr. Off, beast, made all of baseness,
do not grieve
Calamity, or as I am a knigh,
I'll cut thy tongue out.

Muret. Sweet Signior, I protest—
Exit Muretto.

Petr. Madam, beleeve him not, he is a
Parasite;

Yet one the King doth dote on.

Qu. Then beshrew ye,
You had not us'd him gently, had I
known't,
I would have kneell'd before him, and
have sent

A handful of my tears unto the King.
Away, my Lords, here is no place to
revel

In our discomfits. *Herophil,* let's hast,
That thou and I may heartily like wi-
dows

Bewail my bridal mockt Virginity.

Col. Let's follow her my lords; I fear
to late

The King will yet repent these rude di-
visions.

Exeunt.

Enter Velasco, Lodovico, Mopas.

Lodov. Complement? 'Tis for Bar-
bors shops; know your own worth, you

speak to a frail commodity; and barter't
away roundly, my Lord.

Velas. She promis'd free discourse?
Lodov. She did; Are ye answer'd?

Enter Salassa, Shaparoon.

Shap. Madam, my Lord Velasco is
come, use him nobly and kindly, or—
I say no more.

Salas. To a poor widow's house my
Lord is welcom.
Your lordship honours me in this fa-
vor; in what thankful entertainment I
can, I shall strive to deserve it.

Shap. Your sweet lordship is most
heartily welcom, as I may say.

Mop. Instead of a letter, Madam good-
face, on my Lord's behalf, I am bold to
salute you.

Lodov. Madam Salassa, not distrusting
the liberty you granted, now you and
my Lord are in you own house, we will
attend yee in the next room; Away,
Couzen; follow, firrah.

Shap. It is a woman part to come be-
hind.

Mop. But for two men to pass in be-
fore one woman, 'tis too much a con-
science; on reverend antiquity.

Exit Lodovico, Shaparoon, Mopas.
Salas. What is your lordships plea-
sure?

Velas. To rip up
A story of my fate. When by the Queen
I was employ'd against the late Commo-
tioners,
(Of whom the now King was chief Lea-
der) then

In my return you pleas'd to entertain
me
Here in your house.

Salas. Much good may it do your
lordship.

Velas. But then, what conquest gain'd
I by that conquest,
When here mine eyes, and your com-
manding beauty
Made me a prisoner to the truest love,
That ever warm'd a heart.

Salas. Who might that be?

Velas. You, Lady, are the deity I
adore,

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Have kneell'd too in my heart, have
vow'd my soul to,
In such a debt of service, that my life
Is tenant to your pleasure.

Salas. Phew, my Lord ;
It is not nobly done to mock me thus.

Velas. Mock you ? Most fair *Salassa*,
if e're truth
Dwelt in a tongue, my words and
thoughts are twins.

Salas. You wrong your honor in so
mean a choise.

Can it be though, that that brave man,
Valasco,

Sole Champion of the world, should
look on me?

On me, a poor lone Widow ? 'Tis im-
possible.

Valas. I am poorer
In my performance now, then ever; so
poor,

That vows and protestations want fit
credit.

With me to vow the least part of a
service

That might deserve your favour.

Salas. You are serious ?

Velas. Lady, I wish that for a present

tryal,
Against the custome of so sweet a na-
ture,

You would be somewhat cruel in com-
mands.

You dare not fist the honor of my
faith

By any strange injunction, which the
speed

Of my glad undertaking, should not
cheerfully

Attempt, or perish in the sufferance of it.

Salas. You promise Lordly.

Velas. You too much distrust
The constancy of truth.

Salas. It were un noble,
On your part to demand a gift of

bounty,

More then the freedom of a fair allow-
ance,

Confirm'd by modesty and reason's war-
rant

Might without blushing yeeld unto,

Velas. Oh, fear not,

For my affections aim at chaste contents;
Not at unruly passions of desire.
I onely claim the title of your servant,
The flight of my ambitions soars no
higher,
Then living in your grace, and for in-
couragement
To quicken my attendance now, and
then

A kinde unravish't kiss.

Salas. That's but a fee,
Due to a fair deserver : but admit
I grant it, and you have it ; may I then
Lay a light burthen on you.

Velas. What is possible
For me to venture on, by how much
more

It carries danger in't; by so much more
My glorie's in the atchievement.

Salas. I must trust ye.

Velas. By all the vertues of a Souldi-
ers name,
I vow and sware.

Salas. Enough, I take that oath:
And thus my self first do confirm your
warrant.

Velas. I feel new life within me.

Salas. Now be Steward,
For your own store, my lord, and take
possession

Of what you have purchased freely:

Velas. With a joy,
As willing as my wishes can arrive at.

Salas. So, I may claim your oath now.

Velas. I attend it.

Salas. *Velasco*, I do love thee, and am
jealous

Of thy spirit, which is hourly apt
To catch at actions; if I must be Mistris
Of thee and my own will, thou must be
subject

To my improvements.

Velas. 'Tis my souls delight.

Salas. Y'are fam'd the onely fighting
Sir alive;

But what's this; if you be not safe to me.

Velas. By all the vertues of a Souldier

Salas. you shall not sware, take heed of
perjury.

So much I fear your safety, that I com-
mand,

The QUEEN,

For two years space, you shall not wear a sword,

A dagger, or stiletto; shall not fight
On any quarrel be it neer so just.

Velas. Lady!

Salas. Hear more yet; if you be baffled,
Rail'd at, scorn'd, mock'd struck, baffi'd,
kick'd,

Velas. (O Lady!)

Salas. Spit on, revil'd, challeng'd, provok'd by fools,
Boyes, anticks, cowards.

Velas. ('Tis intollerable.)

Salas. I charge you (by your oath) not
to reply
In word, deed, look: and lastly, I con-
jure ye

Never to shew the cause to any living
By circumstance or by equivocation;
Nor till two years expire to motion
love.

Velas. Why do you play the Tyrant
thus?

Salas. 'Tis common
To observe how love hath made a Co-
ward valiant;
But that a man as daring as Velasco,
Should to express his duty to a Mistris,
Kneel to his own disgraces, and turn
Coward,

Belongs to me and to my glories onely;
I'm Empress of this miracle. Your oath
Is past, if you will lose your self you
may.

How d'ee, Sir?

Velas. Woman thou art vain and
cruel.

Salas. Wilt please your lordship tast
a cup of wine,
Or stay and sup, and take a hard bed
here?

Your friends think we have done
strange things this while.

Come let us walk like Lovers: I am pit-
tifull,

I love no quarrels.

Velas. Triumph in my ruins.
There is no act of folly but is common
In use and practise to a scornful woman.

Exeunt.

Act III.

Enter Alphonso, Almada, Muretto,
Bufo, Pynto; and attendants.

Alph. You have prevail'd, yet e're you
came (my Lord)

Muretto, here this right, right, honest
man.

Confirm'd me throughly, now to witness
further.

With what a gratitude I love the
Queen.

Reach me a bowle of wine.

Alm. Your Majesty more honors me,
in making me the Messenger of this most
happy concord, then addition of great-
ness can express.

Muret. I ever told you,
How you would his Grace, inclin'd at
last

Pyn. The very love, of benignity, by
whose gentle aspect the whole sphere of
this Court and Kingdom are (like the
lesser erbes) moved round in the har-
mony of affability.

Enter one with wine.

Alph. My Lord Almado, health unto
your Mistris,

A hearty health, a deep one.

Alm. upon my knee
My duty gladly answers

Alph. Give him wine.

There's not a man whoever in our
Court

(Greater or meaner) but shall pledge
this health,

In honor of our Queen, our vertuous
Queen.

Commend us, and report us as you
finde.

Alm. Great Sir, I shall with joy.

Alph. Bufo and Pynto,
All in, and drink, drink deep, let none
be spar'd;

Comers or goers, none.

Bufo. Away my hearts.

Pyn. We'll tickle it till the welkin

or the Excellency of her S E X.

blusſle again, and all the fixt Stars dance
the old measures.

Muret. I shall attend to wait upon
your lordship to the Caraoch. *Exeunt.*

Manet Alphonſo.

Alph. So, so, far reaching pollicy, I
adore thee,
Will hug thee as my dearling
Shallow fools
Dive not into the pitch of regular Sta-
tists.
Henceforth my Stratagem's of scorn and
hatred
Shall kill in smiles. I will not strike
and frown;
But laugh and murther.

Enter Muretto.

Alph. Welcom, are we safe?

Muret. Most free from interruption:
The Lord Velasco is newly entred the
Court; I have given the watch word that
they ply him mainly; the conclusion (I
know cannot but break off in hurle-
burly.)

Alph. Good, good, I hate him mortally.
'Twas he
Slaved me to th' hangmans ax: But now
go on;
Petruchi is the man, you say, must stand
The Champion of her lust.

Muret. There may be yet vertuous in-
tention even in bad actions, in lewd
words, I urge no further then likely-
hoods may inform.

Alph. Phew, that's thy nobleness: But
now Muretto,
The eye of luxury speaks loud in si-
lence.

Muret. Why look ye, Sir, I must con-
fess I observ'd ſome odd amorous glan-
ces, ſome sweet familiar courteous toy-
ing smiles; a kinde of officious bold-
ness in him, Princelike and Queenlike
allowance of that boldnes in him again;
sometimes I might warily overhear her
whispers. But what of all this? There
might be no harm meant.

Alph. Fy, no, the grafting of my fore-
head, nothing else.
Grafting, grafting, Muretto, A most Gen-
tleman-like exercise; a very mystery be-
longs to't.

And now and then they walk thus, arm
in arm, twist fingers: ha. Would they
not Muretto? *Tis wondrous fit a great
Queen should be supported, Sir; and
for the best lady of 'em all, to discourse
familiarly with her supporter, is court-
ly and passing innocent.*

Alph. She and Petruchi did ſo?

Muret. And at her passing to her pri-
vate lodgings, attended onely with her
lady in ordinary. Petruchi alone went
in before her.

Alph. Is't true! Went in before her!
Canſt prove that?

Muret. Your Majesty is too quick, too
apprehensive of the worſt: I meant he
perform'd the office of an Uſher.

Alph. Guilty apparently: Monſtrous
woman! Beast!

Were these the fruits of her diſembling
tears?

Her puling, and her heart's sighs. But,

I will be ſwift Muretto, ſwift and ter-
rible.

Muret. I am ſuch another Coxcomb;
On my ſide too. Yet, if it can be done,
Yet faith, let me perſuade ye; I hope
your wife is vertuous.

Alph. Vertuous? The Devil ſhe is, tis-
most imposſible! What kifs and toy, wink, prate, yet be-
vertuous?

Muret. Why not Sir? I think now, a
woman may lie four or five nights toge-
ther with a man, and yet be chiaſt; though
that be very hard, yet ſo long as
tis poſſible, ſuch a thing may be.

Alph. I have it, we'll confer; let's
ſtand aside.

*Enter Bufo and another Groom with wine,
both drunk; Bufo handing Velasco
by the ſhoulders.*

Bufo. Not drink more? By this hand
you ſhall drink eleven whole healths,
if your cap be wooll or beaver; and
that's my reſolution.

Gro. Sfoot, eleven ſcōre; without
dihuonor be it ſpoken to any mans per-
ſon out of this place.

The QUEEN,

Velas. Pretheo, I can no more, 'tis a profession
I dare not practice, nay, I will not.

Buf. How will not? Not her Queen-
ships health? Hark ye, thy flinching and unwholesom
words. Will not -- You will not -- You say you
will not? Velas. I say so, pray be answer'd.

Gro. Pox of all flinchers; if a' say
a will not, Let him chuse, like an arrant dry lord

as he is. Buf. Give me the bowl, I must be va-
giant; You, Sirrah, man at arms; Here's a ca-
rouse To the King, the Queen, and my self.

Gro. Let't come, I'll have that i'faith,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, Captain.

Buf. Hold, give the lord first, drink it
up lord, do, ump.

Velas. Away I say, I am not in the

tune. Buf. Tune, tune? 'Sblood, d'ee take
us for fiddlers, scrappers, rime canters by
tune? By this light, I'll scourge ye like
a town top: Look ye, I am urg'd --
Ump -- And there's a side blow for ye,
like a sober thing as ye are.

Gro. well done i'faith, precious Cap-
tain.

Velas. Dar'st thou do this to me know-
ing who I am?

Buf. Yes, in the way of daring, I
dare kick you thus, thus, Sir up and
down. There's a jolt on the bum too:
How d'ee like it?

Velas. 'Tis well! You use the privi-
lege of the place.
There was a time the best of all this

Court
Durst not have lift a hand against me
then.
But I must bear it now.

Alph. Is not this strange Mureto?

Muret. I can scantly credit mine own
eyes: The Captain follows his instruc-
tions perfectly.

Buf. Not drink? Mahound, Infidel.
I will fillip thy nose, spit in thy face,

Mongrel; brave, a Commander, ha?

Velas. O woman-woman-woman.

Buf. That's a lie, a stark one, 'tis
known I ne're was a woman in my life.
I am weary beating of him, and can
stand no longer. Groom, kick him thou
up and down in my behalf; or by this
flesh I'll swinge you, sirrah.

Gro. Come aloft, Jackanapes; come
aloft, sirrah. *kicks, beates him.*

Alph. Why sure Velasco dares not
fight.

Muret. It must be some or other hath
bewitched him.

Enter Pynto.

Pyn. Avant, I saw twelve dozen of
Cuckolds in the middle region of the
air, galloping on a black Jack, Eastward
ho. It is certain that every dozen went
for a company, and they are now be-
come a corporation. Aries and Taurus,
the Bull and the Ram, two head signs,
shall be henceforth their recognizances,
set up in the grand hall of their politick
convocations -- whirr, whirr, there,
there, just under the rainbow ambles
Mercury, the thin bearded thief that
stole away the Drappers wife, while the
good man was made drunk at the Still-
yard, at a beaver of Dutch bread and
Renish wine, and lay all night in pure
holland in's stockings and shoes. Pish,
Talke not to me, I will maintain against
the Universities of both the Indies, that
one Aldermans horse is more right wor-
shipful, then any six Constables, brown
bills and all. Now, now, now, my
brains burn in Sulphur, and thus will I
stalk about, and swim through a whole
Element of dainty, neat, brisk, rich
claret, canary, or maligo. Am not I
Pynto, have not I hiren here? What art
thou, a full moon, or a moon calf?

Buf. No, no, 'tis a dry Stock-fish, that
must be beaten tender.

Velas. Was ever man so much a slave
as I?

Pyn. Does Saturn wince? Down with
him, let Charles his wayn run over his
North pole; it shall be justified too.

Gro. Now, Sir, having taken a little
breath, have at ye once more, and I have
done.

Enter

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Enter Mopas and Lodovico.

Mop. Clubs, clubs, I have been the death of two Brewers horses, and two catch-poles, my self, and now be try'd by two fools and ten knaves : O monstrous base, horrible; is my lord past recovery?

Velas. Hold, prethee, fellow hold, I have no sword,
Or if I had, I dare not strike again.

Buf. U'ds bones, were ye an invincible Armado,
Ide pound ye all like brown paper rags.
Lodov. Let me be stricken blind ! The shame of fate ;
Velasco, baffled, and not dare to strike ! Dogs, drunken dogs, I'll whip ye to your kennels.

Velas. Nay good, forbear.
Mop. Bilbo come forth and shew thy foxes tayl.
Nay, nay, give me liquor, and I'll fight like a roter.

Pyn. Keep standing ho ; the Almanack says plainly 'tis no season to be let blood, the sign is mortal. Hold !

Alph. Yes I command. Uncivil ill bred beasts.
How dares ye turn our pallace to a booth ?
How dare the proudest of ye all lift up A hand against the meanest of those creatures
Whom we do own for ours ? Now, now you spit
The ancient rancor of you bitter galls
Wherewith you strove to wound us heretofore.

Lodov. We are abus'd, My Lord.

Alph. Fellow, Thou lyest.
Our Royal eyes beheld the pride and malice
Of thee Velasco ; who in hate to us Deny'st to honour our remembrance, though
But in a pledg'd health.

Velas. Therein I was wrong'd.
Alph. No, therein all thy cunning could not hide
The rage of thy malitious heart to us ; Yet know, for tryal of thy love we caus'd This onset, we will justifie the hight Of thy disgraces ; what they did was

Hence Coward, baffled, kickt, despis'd and spurn'd.

Buf. Hang thy self ; a pox on thee.

Exit Alphonso, Muretto, Pynto, Bufo, Groom.

Lodov. O y'are undon : What Devil, Hag, or Witch Hath stoln your heart away ?
Velas. I cannot tell.

Lodov. Not fight 'tis enough to shame us all.

Velas. Happy was I, that living liv'd alone,

Velasco was a man then, now is none.

Exeunt.

Mop. Is't even so, no man now ; then I smell how things stand : I'll lay my life, his lady sweet heart hath given him the Gleek, and he in return hath gelded himself, and so both lost his courage and his wits together.

Exit.

Enter Queen, Almado, Collumello, Petruchi and Herophil.

Qu. Speak o're the words again ; and good my lord
Be sure you speak the same, the very words ; Our Queen, our virtuous Queen ; Was't so ?

Alm. Just so ; And was withal in carriage so most kinde, So Princely, that I must do wrong to gratitude, In wanting action to express his love.

Qu. I am the happiest she that lives. Petruchi, Was I mistook or no ? Why good my lords, Observe it well. There is a holy league Confirm'd and ratify'd 'twixt Love and Fate.

This sacred Matrimonial tye of hearts, Call'd marriage, has Divinity within't. Prethee, Almado, tell me, smil'd the King When he commended to me ?

Alm. Madam, yes ; And affably concluded all in this ; Commend us, and report us as you find.

Qu. For love's sakes, no man prattle of distrust.

The QUEEN,

It shall be treason whosoever says
The King's unkinde. My thinks I am all
air, no you's all yis givn by
My soul has wings.
Petr. And we are all o'rejoy'd
In this sweet reconciliation.

Qu. We'll visit him (my Lords) in
some rich mask Of rare device, as thus; Pish, now I
think on't, The world yeelds not variety enough
Of cost, that's worthy of his Royal eyes,
Why Herophil?

Her. Here, Madam;
Qu. Now besrew me
But I could weep for anger--If 'twere
possible To get a chariot cut out of a rock,
Made all of one whole Diamond, drawn
All on Pavements Of pearls and amber, by four Ivory
steeds
Of perfect Christal; this were worth
presenting,
Or some bright cloud of Saphirs--Fy
you are all
So dull, you do not love me.

Col. Y'are transported
To strange impossibilities; our service
Shall wait upon your happiness.

Qu. Nay, nay, I know you laugh at me, and well you
may;
I talk I know not what, I would 'twere
fit

To ask one question of ye

All. Madam, any thing.

Qu. You'll swear that I am Idle, yet
you know I am no idotin
Tis not my custom; Look upon me
well;

Am I as fair as Herophil? but I have

Petr. Yes, Madam,
Or any other creature else alive.

Qu. You make me blush in troth. O
would the King Could see me with your eyes. Or
would I were Much courser then I am to all the
world;
So I might onely seem more fair to him.

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

See here come more. Velasco, thou art
welcom. Welcom kinde Lodovico. You I know
Bring fresh supplies of comfort; do not
cloud Your news with circumstance; Say, doth
the King Expect me? Yes, good man, I know he
dpes, Speak briefly, good my Lord, and truly.
Velas. Madam, Take all at once, he is
the King; And Kings may do their pleasures.

Qu. True, Velasco. But I have from my heart forgot remem-
brance Of former passages, the world is chang'd:
Is a' not justly royal?

Lodov. Would a' were, I wish it for
your sake Madam, but my wishes and his
inclinations are quite opposite.

Petr. What said you, Lodovico?
Lodov. Thus Petruchi. Velasco hath
been by the King disgrac'd, by his minis-
ters abused, basfled, they justified by the
King in't. In a word; Alphonso is, and
will be the scourge of Arragon.

Qu. I'll stop my ears, they shannot let
in poysen,

Rank treacherous searching poysen.

Alm. Tis impossible.

Qu. Yes, tis impossible; but now I
see

Y'are all agreed to curse me in the hight
Of my prosperities. O that at once
I could have leave to dye and shun the
times.

Enter Muretto.
Muret. His excellent Majesty by me
commends to your Royal hands this let-
ter, Madam.

Qu. Why thus I kiss,
And kiss again; Welcom, what ere it
speaks.

Muret. That you may all conceive
(my Lords) the Kings hearty zeal to
unity and goodness, he by me intreats
your attendance on the Queen to him:
To you Signior Petruchi, he sends this
Diamond from his own finger.

Petr. You strike me into wonder.

Muret. I should excuse his highness,
violence

or the Excellency of her S E X.

violence to you, my lord Velasco ; but he says, that your own indiscretion deserv'd your late reproof : And futher, (pardon me that I mince not the sum of his injunction) he says your cowardice is now so vulgarly palpable, that it cannot stand with his honour to countenance so degenerating a spirit.

Velas. I thank him ; yet, if you remember well ; Both he and you prov'd me another man.

Qu. The sweetest letter that ever was writ :

Come we must to the King -- How !

'Tis my ring,
The first ring that I ever gave the King.
Petruchi, I must have it.

Petr. Twas the King sent it :
I mean to yeeld it back again.

Qu. No I will.

And in exchange take that of equal value ;

But not with me, 'cause it comes from my husband.

Let's slack no time, this day shall crown our peace.

Exit all but *Velasco* and *Lodovico*.
Lodov. You see my Lord how the world goes.

What your next course ?

Velas. Would I could leave my self, I am unfit

For company of men : Art thou my friend ?

Lodov. I cannot tell what I am, your patient humor indeed persuades me I am nothing.

Ladies' little puppy dogs shortly will break your shins with milke-sops, and you dare not cry, come out cur. Faith tell me for out wonted friendships sake ; hath not this Madam sweet heart of yours a share in your Meramorphosis ?

Velas. You are unkinde, as much as in a thought,

To wrong her vertue. *Lodovico*, no ; I have resolv'd never to fight again.

Lodov. 'Tis a very safe resolution ; but have you resolv'd never to be beaten again ?

Velas. That goodly sound of gallant valiant man

Is but a breath, and dyes as soon utter'd.

I'll seek my fame henceforward in the praise

Of sufferance and patience, for raman-hood

Adds onely life to cruelty, yet by cruelty

Takes life away, and leaves upon our souls

Nothing but guilt, while patience is to be

Settl'd, doth even in bondage keep us free.

Lodov. Excellent morality ; but good my Lord, without more circumstance the cause, let me know the ground and cause on't.

Velas. My will, or if you please my cowardice,

More ask not, more I vow, you shall no know.

Enter *Mopas*.

Mop. O Fy, fy, I were better be the Hangmans deputy, then my Lord Velasco's Gentleman usher; all the streets as I pass whoot at me, and ask me if I be so valiant as my master the coward ; they swear their children carry wooden daggers to play a prize with him, and there's no talk but of the arrant coward Velasco.

Velas. I care not, let 'em talk.

Mop. Care not ? By these hilts, I had rather then a hundred ducates, I had but as much spirit : as to have drawn upon a couple of men in Ginger-bread, which a hucsters crook't legged whorfson ape held up, and swore they were two taller fellows then you are.

Lodov. Your readiest way were to get you into a cloyster ; for there's no going to Court.

Mop. Yes, to have our brains rubb'd out with the heel of a brown mancher.

Velas. As, y'are my friend forbear to come more neer me. Exit *Velasco*.

Lodov. Gone so quickly ? *Mopas* I'll finde out this mystery, and thou shalt be the instrument.

Mop. Shall I ? Why agreed, let me along

The QUEEN,

one for an instrument, be it a winde or
ring'd instrument, I'll sound at one
end or other I'll warrant ye.

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonso, Pynto, Bufo.

Alph. Are all things ready as we gave
charge?

Pyn. Yes all, and the face of the hea-
vens are passing favourable.

Alph. Bufo, Be it thy care, the watch
word given,

o seize Petruchi suddenly:

Buf. If the Devil be not in him, I'll
take him fast enough.

Alph. Mean time wee'll take our
place, they are at hand.

Some sound our choicest musick t'enter-
tain

This Queen with all the seeming forms
of State.

Loud Musick.

Enter Queen supported by Petruchi,
Herophil, Collumello, Almada,
and Muretto.

All. All joy to Aragons great King.

Alph. You strive to act in words (my
lords) but we our self

ndeavor rather how to speak in act.

Now is a time of peace of amity.

The Queen is present; Lady, seat you
here,

As neer, as if we plac'd you in our heart,
Where you are deep inthron'd.

Qu. As you in mine,

So may I ever live in yours, my Lord.

Alph. How so? You are too charita-
ble now,

That covet but equality in love;
A cold, a frozen love; for I must think
The streams of your affections are dry'd
up,

X running from their wonted chan-
nels, range

A lawless paths of secreſie and stealth;

Which makes us love you more.

Qu. I would your words

Difſented not from your resolved
thoughts

For then (if I mistake not) you would
feel

Extremity of passion, which indeed
Is noble jealousie.

Alph. Are you so plain?

I thank you Madam; lend me your fair
hand,

What's here? O my presages! Whence
got you this ring?

Qu. This ring, my lord?

Alph. This ring, my lord!

By honours reverend crest 'tis time to
wake.

Art thou not pale, Petruchi?

Petr. Gratiouſ, Sir.

This is the ring you ſent me by Muretto,
Which 'cause it came from you, the
Queen would needs

Exchange it for another of her own.

Alph. True, 'cause it came from me, I
take it ſo,

And grant ye, know the word. 'Tis won
and lost.

Enter a Guard, Bufo with them ſeize
Petruchi; Pynto the Queen.

Petr. What mean ye, Helhounds?
Slaves, let go my ſword.

Buſ. Keep in your chaps, and leave
ſcolding, my ſmall friend, 'tis now no
time to wrangle or to rore.

Qu. Nay, nay, with what you please I
am content.

Col. What means your Highneſſ?

Alm. wronge not Maſteſty
With ſuch unnoble rigour.

Alph. O, my lords,

The weight of all this shame falls hea-
viest here

In my afflicted boſome. Madman like
I would not credit, what mine ears had
heard;

From time to time of that adulterous
woman;

For this have I liv'd widowed from her
bed,

Was deaf to proofs, to oaths, and ever
thought.

That whoredom could not ſuit her ſelf
ſo trimly

On vertues outside. But Petruchi there
Hath a loud ſpeaking conſcience, can
proclaim

Her luſt, and my diſhonour

Petr. Grant

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Petr. Grant me hearing.

Alph. Away with him to prison, make
him fast.

On pain of all your lives.

Buf. Come, Sir, there is no playing
fast and loose, which fit a ducat now.

Exit Bufo with Petruchi.

Col. But what now for the Queen?

Alph. As she deserves.

Alm. Our law requires a clear and
open proof,

And a judicial trial.

Alph. Yes to subjects

It does, but who among you dares speak
justice

Against your natural Sovereign? Not
one.

Pyn. Your Majesty hath most wisely
considered that point.

Muret. I have stood silent all this
while, and cannot but with astonish-
ment and unutterable grief bear a share
of sadness in these disasters. But, Madam,
be not altogether dejected on your part:
there is more mercy in this sovereign
Prince, than that you should any way
distrust.

Qu. Nay, even proceed and question
me no more.

Alph. I will be gentle to you, and the
course

That I will take shall merit your best
thanks.

If in a moneth a Champion shall appear,
In single opposition to maintain
Your honor; I will be the man my self
In person to avouch this accusation:
And which of us prevails, shall end this
strife.

But if none come, then you shall lose
your head.

Mean time your usage shall be like a
Queen.

Muret. Now by the life of honour, 'tis
a most Princely tryal, and will be worth
you eternal memory.

Qu. Where must I then be led?

Alph. No where but here

In our own palace; and as I am King,
None worse then I shall be her Guar-
dian.

Alm. Madam, Heaven is the Guardian
of the just;

You cannot miss a Champion.

Qu. E're I go,

May I entreat a word?

Alph. O yes, you may.

Qu. Collumello and Almado, hear me,
I speak to you, and to your fellow Peers
Remember both by oaths and by alle-
giance

You are my subjects.

Both. Madam, true, we are.

Qu. Then as you ever bore respect o
truth

To me as to your Sovereign, I conjure y
Never to levy arms against the King,
Singly or openly, and never else.
To justifie my right or wronge in this.
For if you do, here I proclaim ye all
Traytors to loyalty and me: for surety,
I crave your oaths a new.

Both. Since you enforce us,
We sware: and heaven protect you.

Qu. Let me be gone.

Alph. Well as they please for that:
Muretto, follow.

Exit all but Almada and Collumello.

Alm. Here is fine work, my lord.
What's to be done?

Col. Stand still while this proud Ty-
rant cuts our throats.

Alm. She's wrong'd, and this is one-
ly but a plot.

Velasco, now might binde his Country to
him;

But he is grown so cowardly and base,
That boys and children beat him as they
list.

Col. I have be thought me, we, with
th' other Peers,
Will set a proclamation out, assuring
What worthy Knight soever undertakes,
By such a day, as Champion for the
Queen.

Shall have a hundred thousand ducats
paid,

Withal, what honors else he shall de-
mand.

Alm. This must be speeded, or 'twill
come to late.

Col. It shall be suddain: Here our
hope must stand;

Kings command Subjects; Heav'n doth
Kings command.

Exeunt.
A& IV.

The QUEEN,

Act IV.

Enter Salassa and Shaparoon.

Salaf. A coward? 'tis impossible; Vefco a coward? The brave man? The vondor of the time? Sure, Shaparoon, 'tis a meer scandal rais'd by an enemy.

Shap. 'Tis most certain, most apparent; Taylors, Prentizes, nay, Bakers and Weavers; (things that drink cannot put spirit into, they are such mighty read-eaters) they as I am an honest woman, fling old shoes at him, and he lares not turn back to give an angry word.

Salaf. I had been sweetly promoted o such a tame Champion.

Shap. Gallants! Out upon 'em, 'tis your tough clown is your only raiser up of man or woman.

Salaf. A Proclamation is sent out for certain?

Shap. Most assuredly.

Salaf. The sum proposed, a hundred thousand ducats.

Shap. Present payment, without attendance.

Salaf. 'Tis a glorious reward--speak low, and observe.

Enter Mopas reading a Proclamation.

Mop. Whosoever man or woman can, or will procure any such foreaid defendant, against the said day; let them, him, or she repair to the said lords of the Council, and give in such sufficient assurance for such defence, and they or any of them shall receive a hundred thousand ducats in ready cash; with what honors may give them, him, or her content or satisfaction.

O that I durst be valiant: A hundred thousand. A hundred thousand; how t rumbles in my chops.

Salaf. Prethee, a word, my friend.

Mop. Sweet Lady, allfair weather upon ye.

As for you, Madam, time was, I recom-

mend to your ancient remembrance, time is past: with my service forwards and backwards, when 'tis time present, resting yours in the whole *Mopas*.

Shap. Very courtly and pithy.

Salaf. Pray let me view your paper.

Mop. 'Tis your ladiships.

Shap. Some proclamation as I take it.

Mop. Madam Reverence, you have taken it in the right cue.

Salaf. I am o'rejoy'd; there's gold for thy news. Friend. I will make thee the happiest and most welcom messenger to thy lord, that ever received thanks from him; without delay, wait on me for instructions.

Mop. I am at your ladiships beck.

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonso, and Muretto.

Muret. True, true, Sir, you are set high upon the stage for action. O the top of my ambition, my hearts Idol! What a perplexity are you twin'd into? And justly; so justly, that it is hard to judge, whether your happiness were greater in the possession of an unmatchable beauty, or your present misery, by inforsing that beauty to expose her honor to so apparent a contempt: This is not the least, that might have been in time prevented.

Alph. O I am lost Muretto, my sunke eyes
Are buried in their hollows: busie thoughts
Press on like legions of infernal hags
To menace my destruction: Yet my judgment
Still prompts my senses, that my Queen
is fair.

Muret. Fair! Unspeakeable workmanship of Heavens bounty. Were all the skilfullest Painters that ever discern'd colours, moulded into one, to perfect an Artist. Yet that Artist should sooner want fansie or imagination, for personating a curious medal, then ever to patern a counterfeit so exquisitely excellent, as is the Queen by nature.

Alph. I have surveyed the wonder of her cheeks,
Compar'd them wth the lillies and the rose
And

or the Excellency of her S E X.

And by my life, Muretto, Roses are
Adulterate to her blush, and lilies pale,
Examin'd with her white; yet, bleat
eyed fool,

I could not see those rarities before
me.

Muret. Every man is blind (my lord)
in his own happiness, there's the curse
of our mortality.

She was the very tale of the world:
Her perfections busied all tongues.
She was the onely wish of Europes chief-
est Monarchs.

Whose full fruition you (and 'twas your
capital sin) most inhumanly abandoned.

Alph. Villain, Petruchi, let me for ever
curse him: Had he not been the man;
who else had durst to hazard a denial
from her scorns?

Muret. See now herein you are mon-
strous discourteous, above excuse; why,
Sir, what hath Petruchi done? Which
(from any King to a Vassal) al men would
not eagerly have persued: Alas, my lord,
his nobleness is eternal, by this means, in
attempting and his felicity unmatchable,
in injoying the glory of his time, a beau-
so conquering, so unparalell'd.

Alph. She is superlative.

Muret. Divine.

Alph. Rich, bright.

Muret. immortal.

Alph. Too too worthy for a man.

Mur. The Gods might enjoy her.

Alph. Nature ne're fram'd so sweet a
creature.

Muret. She is self Nature's Nature.

Alph. Let me for ever curse the frail
condition
Of our deluded faculties: Muretto,
Yet being all, as she is all, her best
Is worst considering that she is a wan-
ton.

Muret. Build you a Palace, arch it
with Diamonds, roof it with Carbuncles,
pave it with Emraulds, daub it
with Gold, furnish it with all what cost
can lay on, and then seal up the doors,
and at best 'tis but a solitary nest for
Owles and Daws.

Beauty was not meerly created for won-
der, but for use: 'Tis you were in the

fault; 'tis you perswaded her, urg'd
compell'd, inforc'd her: I know it, m
truth and plainness trumpets it out t
ye: Besides, women (my lord) are a
creatures, not Gods nor Angels.

Alph. I must confess 'tis true, yet b
my Crown
She dyes, if none defend her, I'm re-
solv'd.

Muret. 'Tis a heroical disposition, and
with your honour she cannot, must no
live. Here's the point; If she live and you
receive her to favour, you will be a no-
ted Cuckold; which is a recognizanc
dishonorable to all, but to a King fearfu
ly infamous. On the other side, if you
prevail, and she be put to death, you do
as it were deprive the Firmament of the
Sun, and your self of the treasure of the
whole earth.

Alph. Right, right, Muretto, there thou
strik'st the wound
Too deeply to be cur'd, yet I must do't
I would fain see her now.

Muret. Pray do, Sir; and let Petruchi
come face to face to her; observe them
both, but be very mild to both: use ex-
tremity to neither.

Alph. Well counsell'd; call them hi-
ther, but none with them:
Wee'll strive with grief; Heaven! I am
plung'd at full.

Never henceforward shall I slumber out
One peaceful hour; my enraged blood
Turns coward to mine houour. I could
wish

My Queen might live now though I did
but look
And gaze upon her cheeks, her rayishing
cheeks.

But, oh, to be a Cackold; 's death, she
dyes.

Enter at one door Petruchi, and the
other Muretto and the Queen, they
stand at several ends of the
Stage.

Muret. My gracious Lord.

Alph. Reach yond fair sight a chair,
That man a stool, sit both, wee'll have
it so.

Mur. 'Tis Kingly done; in any case
E. (my

The QUEEN,

[my lord,) curb now a while the violence of your passion, and be temperate.

Qu. Sir, 'tis my part to kneel, for on your brow I read sad sentence of a troubled wrath, And that is argument enough to prove my guilt, not being worthy of your favour.

Petr. Let me kneel too, though not for pardon, yet In duty to this presence : else I stand As far from falsehood, as is that from truth.

Muret. Nay, Madam, this not the promise on your part. It is his pleasure you should sit.

Qu. His pleasure is my law. Both Petr. Sir, you are obey'd.

Alph. Between my comforts and my shame I stand

In equal distance ; this way let me turn To thee thou woman. Let me dull mine eyes With surfeit on thy beauty. What art thou Great dazeling splendor ? Let me ever look And dwell upon this presence.

Muret. Now it works. Alph. I am distract. Say ? What ? Do not, do not -

Muret. My lord the King - Why, Sir ? He is in a trance, or else metamorphos'd to some some pillar of marble : How fixedly a' stands. D'ee hear, Sir ? What d'ee dream on ? My lord, this is your Queen speak to her.

Alph. May I presume with my irreverent lips To touch your sacred hand.

Qu. I am too wretched To be thought but the subject of your mirth.

Alph. Why she can speak, Muretto ? O tell me pray, And make me ever, ever fortunate ; Are you a mortal creature ? Are ye indeed

Moulded of flesh and blood like other women ?

Can you be pittifull ? Can ye vouchsafe To entertain fair parley ? Can you love, Or grant me leave to love you, can you, say ?

Qu. You know too well, my lord, instead of granting, Low a duty, and must sue to you, If I may not displease.

Alph. Now I am great, You are my Queen, and I have wrong'd a merit, More then my service in the humblest lowness

Can ever recompence. I'll rather wish To meet whole hosts of dangers, and encounter.

Then flabled whips of steel, then ever unpart From those sweet eyes : not time shall sue divorce, Twixt me and this great miracle of Nature.

Muretto ? Muret. Sovereign Sir.

Alph. I'll turn away, And mourn my former errors -- Worse then death Look where a Basilisk with murthering flames

Of poysen, strikes me Blinde. Insatiate tempter,

Patern of lust, 'tis thou alone hast sundred Our lawful bride bed, planted on my crest

The horned Satyrs badge ; hast soyl'd a beauty As glorious as sits yonder on her front.

Kill him, Muretto, why should he receive The benefit of the law, that us'd no law

In my dishonours ? Petr. Were you more a King Then Royalty can make you, though opprest

By your commanding powers, yea, and carb'd In bonds most falsely, yet, give me a sword

And strip me to my shirt, I will defend Her spotless virtue, and no more esteem,

or the Excellency of her S E X.

In such a noble cause, an host of Kings,
Then a poor stingsess swarm of buzzing
flies.

Qu. Petruchi, in those words thou dost
condemn
Thy loyalty to me, I shall disclaim
All good opinion of thy worth or truth,
If thou persevere to affront my lord.

Petr. Then I have done. Here's mis-
ery unspeakable ;
Rather to yeeld me guilty wrongfully,
Then contradict my wrongs.

Alph. High impudence.
Could she be ten times fairer than she is,
Yet I would be reveng'd. You sweet,
I would

Again -- Her beams quite blast me.

Muret. If you will be an Eaglet of the
right aery, you must endure the Sun.
Can you chuse but love her ?

Alph. No by the Stars. Why would not
you be honest; and know how I do dote?

Qu. May I be hold
To say I am, and not offend ?

Alph. Yes, yes,
Say so for heavens love, though you be
as fowl
As sin can black your purity. Yet tell
me

That you are white and chaste; That
while you live
The span of your few dayes, I may re-
joyce

In my deluded follies; least I dye
Through anguish, e're I have reveng'd
my injury,

And so leave you behind me for another;
That were intollerable.

Qu. Heaven knows, I ne're abus'd my
self or you.

Petr. As much sware I, and truly.

Alph. Thou proud Devil,
Thou hast a lying tongue; They are con-
sented

In mischief. Get ye hence seducing
horrors.

I'll stop mine eyes and ears till you are
gone.

As you would be more merciful, away,
Or as you would finde mercy.

Ex. Queen Petruchi contrary waines.

Muret. Sir, they are gone.

Alph. And she too then let me be seen
no more.

I am distracted, both waies I feel my
blame ;
To leave her death, to live with her is
shame. *Exit.*

Muret. Fare ye well King, this is ad-
mirable ; I will be chronicled, all my
business ripens to my wishes. And if
honest intentions thrive so successfully ;
I will henceforth build upon this assur-
ance, that there can hardly be a greater
Hell or Damnation, then in being a Vil-
lane upon earth. *Exit.*

Enter Lodovico, Salassa, Shaparoon

Lodov. I am wonder stricken -- And
were you i' faith the she indeed ; that
turn'd my Lords heart so handsomly, so
cunningly? O how I reverence wit! Well,
lady, you are as pestilent a piece of po-
licy, as ever made an ass of love.

Salas. But, *Lodovico*, I'll salye all a-
gain quickly.

Shap. Yes indeed forsooth, she has the
trick on it.

Lodov. You have undertaken with the
lords already, you say.

Salas. I have, and my life is at stake,
but I fear not that.

Lodov. Pish, you have no need ; one
smile, or kinde simper from you does all ;
I warrant ye the sight of so much gold,
as you are to receive, hath quickned
your love infinitely.

Salas. Why, Sir, I was not worthy
of my lords love before ; I was too
poor : but now two hundred thousand
ducats, is a dower fit for a lord.

Lodov. Marry is't. I applaud your
consideration.

'Twas neatly thought on.

Enter Collumello and Almada.

Col. Have you prevail'd yet, lady, time
runs on,

You must not dally.

Salas. Good my lords, fear nothing :
Were it but two hours to't, I should be
ready.

The QUEEN,

Enter Velasco very sad.

Louav. He comes himself, 'tis fit we stood unseen.

ly him soundly, lady.

Alm. Let us withdraw then. Exeunt.

Velas. I cannot be alone; still I am hunted

With my confounding thoughts. Too

late I finde, how passions at their best are but sly

traytors to ruin honour. That which we call

love, Was by the wisest power above fore-

thought

To check our pride. Thus when men are blown up

At the highest of conceit, then they fall down.

Even by the peevish follies of their frailties.

Salas. The best of my lord Velasco's

wishes ever

Crown him with all true content.

Velas. Cry ye mercy, Lady.

Salas. I come to chide you my Lord;

can it be possible that ever any man could so sincerely profess such a migh-

tiness of affection, as you have done to me, and forget it all so soon, and so un-

kindly.

Velas. Are you a true very lover, or are you bound

For penance to walk to some holy

shrine,

In visitation? I have seen that face.

Salas. Have you so? O you are a hot

lover; a woman is in fine case to weep

out her eyes for so uncertain a friend, as

your protestations urg'd me to conceive

you: But come I know what you'll say

aforehand, I know you are angry.

Velas. Pray give me leave to be my own tormentor.

Salas. Very angry, extreamly angry;

But as I respect perfection, tis more then

I deserve.

Little know you the misery I have en-

dured, and all about a hasty word of

nothing; and I'll have it prove nothing e're we part.

Velas. Her pride hath made her lun-

atic, alas!

She hath quite lost her wits, those are
the fruits
Of scorns and mockeries.

Salas. To witness how indearely I prefer your merits, and love your person; in a word, my lord, I absolve you, and set you free from the injunction I bound you in; as I desire to thrive, I meant all but for a tryal in jest.

Velas. These are no words of madness; whither tends

The extremity of your invention,

Lady?

I'll swear no more.

Salas. I was too blame, but one fault (me thinks) is to be pardoned, when I am yours, and you firmly mine: I'll bear with many in you.

Velas. So, if you be in earnest; What's the matter?

Salas. The sum of all is, that I know it suits not with the bravery of the lord Velasco's spirit, to suffer his Queen and soveraign stand wrongfully accused of dishonour, and dye shamefully for a fault never committed.

Velas. Why 'tis no fault of mine.

Salas. Nor shall it be of mine: Go be a famous subject; be a ransomer of thy Queen from dangers, be registered thy Countries patron: Fight in defence of the fairest and innocentest princess alive: I with my heart release you.

First conquer; that done, enjoy me ever for thy wife: Velasco, I am thine.

Velas. Pishi, you release me; all their cunning strains

Of policy that set you now a work;

To treble ruin me, in life, fame, soul,

Are foolish and unable to draw down

A greater wrath upon my head; in-

troth

You take a wrong course lady.

Salas. Very good; Sir, 'tis prettily put off, and wondrous modestly. I protest no man hath enjoyn'd me to this task; 'tis onely to do service to the State and honour to you.

Velas. No man enjoyn'd you but your self?

Salas. None else, as I ever had truth in me.

Velas. Know

or the Excellency of her Sex.

Velas. Know then from me, you are a wicked woman,
And avarice, not love to me, hath forc'd ye.

To practice on my weakness. I could
raile,
Be most uncivil; But take all in short:
I know you not.

Salas. Better and better, the man will triumph anon sure; Prethee, good dissemble no longer; I say you shall fight, I'll have it so: I command you fight, by this kiss you shall.

Velas. Forbear, let me in peace bid
you forbear;
I will be henceforth still a stranger to
you,
Ever a stranger, look, look up, up there
My oath is booke, no humane power
can free me.

Salas. I grant you none but I.

Velas. Be not deceived, I have
Forgot your scorns; you are lost to me,
Witness the Genius of this place, how
e're
You tempt my constancy, I dare not
fight.

Salas. Not dare to fight, what not for
me?

Velas. No Lady.
I durst not, must not, cannot, will not
fight.

Salas. O me undone.

Velas. What ayles you?

Salas. Now my life
Hath run it's laft for I have pawn'd it Sir.
To bring you forth as champion for the
Queen.

Velas. And so should have the promis'd Gold.

Salas. I, I.

Velas. You have reveng'd my wrongs
upon your selfe.
I cannot helpe you, nay alas, you know
It lay not in me.

Salas. O take pitty on mee,
Look heer, I hold my hands up, bend
my knees,
Heaven can require no more.

Velas. Then kneel to heaven
I am no God, I cannot do you good.

Salas. Shall not my tears prevayle?

hard-hearted Man.
Dissembler, loves dishonour, bloody butcher

Of a poor Lady, be assured my Ghost
Shall haunt thy soule when I am dead.

Velas. Your curse
Is falne upon your own head, herein
show.

A noble piety, to beare your death
With resolution, and for small answer
Lady I will not fight to gain the world.

Exit.

Salas. Gone! I have found at length
my just reward,
And henceforth mast prepare to welcom
Death.

Velas. I begin to love thee now.
Now I perceave thou art a noble man,
Compos'd of Goodnes, what a foole was I!
It grieves me more to loose him then to
die.

Enter *Almada, Colunello, Lodovico, Shaproon.*

Coll. Lady we have heard all that now
hath past,
You have deceav'd your selfe and us,
the time.
We should have spent in seeking other
means.

Is lost, of which you are the cause.

Alm. And for it.

The senats strickt decree craves execu-
tion,
what can you say?

Salas. My Lords I can no more
but yeild me to the law.

Shap. O that ever you were born, you
have made a sweet hand on't, have you
not.

Lodov. Here is the right recompence
of a vain confidence, Mistresse: But I
will not torture you being so neer your
end, lady say your prayers and die in
Charity, that's all the pitty I can take
on ye.

Exit *Lodovico.*

Coll. Ten times the gold you should
have had, now Lady cannot release you

Alm. You alone are shee
Ruins your country. Heres the price
of sin,

Ill thrift, all loose in seeking all to win

Exit. all but *shaproon*

Shap. Na

The QUEEN,

Shap. Nay even go thy ways, 'tis an old proverbe that leachery and covetousnes go together, and 'tis a true one oo, But I'le thift for one.

If some proper squire or lustly yeoman have a mind to any thing I have about me, I'le shall soon know what to trust too or I see the times are very troublesome.

Enter Pynto.

Pyn. Now is the prosperous season when the whole round of the planets re coupling together. Let birds and beasts obserue valentines day, I am a man and all times are with me in season, this same Court ease hath sett my blood on tiptoe, I am Madder then a march hare.

Shap. Blessing on your fair face, your handsome hand, your clean foot sir, are you a Courtier sir?

Pyn. Good starrs direct me, sweet woman, I am a Courtier, if you have any suit, what is't, what is't? be short.

Shap. Lord what a Courteous proper man 'a is, trust me, 'a hath a most eloquent beard. -- Suit Sir, Yes Sir, I am a countrey gentlewoman by father and Mothers side, one that comes to see fashions and learne newes. And How I pray sir (if I may be so bold to aske) stand things at Court Sir now a dayes?

Pyn. A very modest necessary and discreet Question.

Indeed Misstris Countrey-Gentlewoman, things at Court stand as they were ever wont, some stiffe and some slacke, every hing according to the imployment it hath.

Shap. Mary, the more pitty sir, that they have not all good doing a like, methinkes, they should be all and at all times ready heer.

Pyn. You speake by a figure, by your eave, in that.

But because you are a stranger, I will a litte more amply informe you.

Heer at our Court of Arragn, Schollars for the most part are the veriest fooles for that they are alwayes beggerly and proud. And foolish citizens the wisest chollars for that they never run at charges for greater learning to cast up their

reck'nings, then thef Horn-book. Here every old lady is cheaper then a proctor, and will as finely convey an open act, without any danger of a confistory. Love and money sweepes all before them, be they cut or longtayle. Do not I deserve a kisse for this discovery Misstris.

Shap. A kisse, O my dear chastity, yes indeed forsooth, and I pray please your selfe.

Pyn. Good wench by venus, but are you any thing rich?

Shap. Rich enough to serve my turn.

Pyn. I see you are reasonable fair.

Shap. I ever thought my selfe so.

Pyn. Will you survey my lodgings?

Shap. At your pleasure sir being under your gard as I am.

Enter Mopas and Bufo.

Bufo. Sirrha Mopas, If my mistresse say but the word, thou shalt see what an exployt, I will doe.

Mop. You'le undertake it you say, though your throat be cut in your own defence, 'tis but manslaughter, you can never be hang'd for it.

Bufo. Nay I am resolute in that point, heer's my hand, let him shrinke, that lift, I'le not flinch a hayres breadth Mopas.

Mop. What, old huddle and twang so close at it, and the dog dayes so neer, Hark ye, your lady is going the way of all flesh. And so is that schollar with you methinkes, though not in the same cue, is 'a not?

Shap. A has promist to tell me my fortune at his chamber, and do me some other good for my ladies safety.

Pyn. I have spoken, the planets shall be rul'd by me, Captain, you know they shall.

Bufo. Let the planets hang themselves in the elements, what care I, I have other matters to trouble my braines.

Mop. Signior Pynto take her to you, as true a metall'd blade as ever was turn'd into a dudgion, hearke in your eare.

Enter Lodewico and Herophill.

Lodew. I know not how to trust you, you ar all so fickle so unconstant.

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Herop. If I faile

Let me be mark't a Strumpet.

Lodov. I apprehend you use him kindly still,

See where 'a is , Captain you are well mett,

Her'es one whose heart you have.

Herop. He knowes he has.

Buf. Why by my troth I thanke you forsooth, 'tis more of your curtesie then my deserving, but I shall study to deserve it.

Herop. I hope so, and doubt it not.

Lodov. Madam Cosen Shapoon.

Shap. You are welcom sir.

Pyn. Cosen, Nay then I smell she is a gentlewoman indeed.

Mop. Yes, and as antiently descended as Flesh and blood can derive her.

Pyn. I am a made man and I will have her.

Herop. You'le walke with me sir?

Buf. Even through fire and water. sweet Mistres.

Lodov. Let's every one to what concerns us most,

For now's the time all must be sav'd or lost.

Exeunt all.

Act V.

A Scassold

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

Velas. This is not kindly done, nor like a friend.

Lodov. Keep your chamber then, what should owles and bats do abroad by daylight? why, you are become so notoriously ridiculous, that a Craven is reputed of nobler spirit amongst birds; then Velasco among men.

Velas. Why Lodovico dost thou tempt my wrongs?

O friend, 'tis not an honor or a fame Can be a gain to me, though I should dare

Did crown mine arm with conquest & the King,

Put case the cause add glory to the justice

Of my prevailing sword? what can I win Saving a pair of lives I lose a soule,

My rich soule Lodovico, Does not yet The heart even shrill within thee? Al-

thy spirits

Melt into Passions, All thy manhood stagger

Like mine? Nay canst thou chuse but now confess

That this word Coward is a name of Dignity?

Lodov. Faint hearts and strong tounys are the tokens of many a tall prattling Ghosspie. Yet the truth is you have halfe convinced me, But to what end will you be a looker on the Tragedy of this shee Beast? it will but breed your greater vexation.

Velas. I hope not so, I looke for Comfort in't.

Lodov. Mass: that may be too, It cannot but make your melancholy a little merry, to see the woodcockes neck caught in a worse noose, then shee had set for you.

Velas. That's but a poor revenge, I de rather weep

On her behalfe, but that I hope her courage

Will triumph over Death.

Lodov. My Lord they come.

Velas. Let me stand back unseen, Good Angells guard her.

Velasco Muffles himselfe.

Enter executioner before Salassi, her Hayre loose, after her, Almada, Collumello and officers.

Alm. Tis a sad welcom. To bid you welcome to the stroak of

Death.

Yet you are come too't Lady.

Coll. And a curse Throughour the land will be your ge-

nerall knell, For having bin the wilfull overthrow

First of your Countrey's Champion, next your Queen,

The QUEEN,

Your Lawfull Sovereign, who this very day.

Must act a part which you must act before, but with less guilt.

Alm. Use no long speeches lady, The danger of the time, calls us away, We cannot listen to your farewells now.

Sal. I have few words to say, my heart is lodg'd

In yon same upper Parliament, yet now If ere I part, and shall be seen no more, Some man of mercy could but truly speake

One word of pardon from the Lord Velasco,

My peace were made in earth, and I should fly With wings of speed to Heaven.

Alm. Pish here's not any.

Salaf. Not any? on then, why should I prolong

A minute more of life, that lives so late, Where most I strive for love to purchace hate,

Beare witnes Lords I wish not to call back

My younger dayes in promise that I would

Redeem my fault and do Velasco right, But could I but reverse the doom of time,

I would with humblest suit make prayers to heaven

For his long florishing welfare.

Col. Dispatch, dispatch; You should have thought on this before, pray now

For your own health, for you have need to pray.

Lodov. Madam Salassa, I am bold to take leave of ye before your long journey: All the comfort that I can give you is, that the weather is like to hold very fait, you need not take much care for either hood or cloke for the matter.

Salaf. Are you come? Worthy Sir, then I may hope Your noble friend hath sent one gentle sigh To grace my funeral: For vertues sake Give me a life in death; tell me, O tell me,

If he but seal my pardon, all is well.

Lodov. Say ye so? Why then in a word, go merrily up the stayers; my lord Velasco desires Heaven may as heartily forgive him, as he does you.

Salaf. Enough, I thank his bounty, on

I go goes up the Scaffold. To smile on horror: so, so, I'm up. Great in my lowness, and to witness fur-

ther My humbleness, here let me kneel and breath

My penitence: O women in my fall, Remember that your beauties, youth and pride

Are but gay tempters, less you wisely shun

The errors of your frailties: let me ever Be an example to all fickle dames, That folly is no shrine for virtuous names.

Heaven pardon all my vanities, and free The lord Velasco, what e're come of me. Bless, bless, the lord Velasco. --Strike.

As he is about to strike, Velasco steps out.

Velas. Villain, hold, hold! Or thou dyest, Slave.

Alm. What means that command?

Lodov. Hey, do! More news yet, you will not be valiant when 'tis too late, I trust?

Velas. Woman, come down: Who lends me now a sword?

Lodov. Marry, that do I, Sir, I am your first man; Here, here, here, take heed you do not hurt your fingers; 'twill cut plaguely: and what will you do with it?

Velas. Base woman, take thy life, thy cursed life, I set thee free, and for it pawu a soul: But that I know heaven hath more stōre of mercy, Then thou and all thy sex of sin and falsehood.

My Lords, I now stand Champion for the Queen:

Doth that discharge her?

Col. Bravest man, it doth: Lady, y'are safe; now, Officers away. This is a blessed hour!

Ex. Officers.

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Alm. You shall for ever
Bind us your servants.

Lodov. Alia : Why then, however
things happen, let them fall, as they fall.
God a' mercy, my lord, at last.

Col. Hark how the people ring a peal
of joy, Shout within.
For this good news. My lord time steals
away ;

We may not linger now.

Salaf. You give me life ;
Take it not, Sir, away again. I see
Upon your troubled eyes such discontent

As frights my trembling heart ; Dear

Sir, I do not deserve it.

Velas. The Gold is now requited
You hazarded your life for his own,
You may receive it at your pleasure.

Alm. Yes, Tis ready for you, lady.

Salaf. Gold ? Let gold, And all the treasures of the earth besides
Perish like trash ; I value nothing, Sir,
But your assured love.

Velas. My love ! Vain woman,
Henceforth thus turn I from thee, never
look

For Apish dotage, for a smile, a hawdree,
A fare ye well, a thought from me : Let
Snakes

Live in my bosom, and with murderous
stings

Infect the vital warmth, that lends them
life,

If ever I remember thee or thine :
If I prevail, my services shall crave
But one reward, which shall be, if that
ever.

Thou come but in my sight, the State wil
please

To banish thee the land ; or else I vow,
My self to leave it.

Salaf. My ill purchast life !

Velas. Ill purchast life, indeed, whose
ransom craves

A sadder price, then price of bloodshed
saves :

Go, learn bad woman, what it is, how
foul,

By gaining of a life, to lose a soul.

The price of one out doth exceed as far

A life here, as the Sun in light a Star.
Here though we live some threescore
years, or more,
Yet we must dye at last, and quit the
score

We owe to nature. But the soul once
dying,

Dyes ever, ever ; no repurifying ;
No earnest sighs or groans ; no interces-
sion ;

No tears ; no penance ; no too late con-
fession

Can move the ear of justice, if it doom
A soul past cure to an infernal tomb.

Make use of this Salassa.

Lodov. Think upon that now, and
take heed, you look
My lord no more in the face.

Salaf. Goodness protect him ! now my
life so late

I strove to save, which being sav'd I
hate.

Exeunt all.

Enter Alphonso armed all save the head,
leading the Queen, a Herald going
before, Muretto, Herophil,
a Guard.

Alph. Are you resolv'd to dye ?

Qu. When life is irksom

Death is a happiness.

Alph. Yes, if the cause
Make it not infamous : But when a
beauty

So most incomparable as yours, is ble-
mish'd.

With the dishonorable stamp of whore-
dom :

When your black tainted name, which
should have been

(Had you preserv'd it nobly) your best
Chronicle,

Wherein you might have liv'd, when
this is stain'd,

And justly, too ; then death doth but

heap

Affliction on the dying. Yet you see
With what a sympathie of equal grief
I mourn your ruine.

Qu. Would you could as clearly
Perceive mine innocence, as I can clearly
Protest it.

F. Alph. Fv,

The QUEEN,

Alph. Fy to justify a sin
Is worse then to commit it, now y'are
faulty.

Muret. What a royall pair of excellent creatures are heer both upon the castaway. It were a saint like mercy in you (my Lord) to remitt the memory of a paix' error. And in you Madam (if you be guilty of the supposed crime) to submitt your selfe to the King. I dare promise, his love to you is so unfayned, that it will relent in your humility. Pray do, good Madam do.

Qu. But how if I be free?

Muret. By any means, for your honours cause do not yeeld then one jot. Let not the faint feare of Death deject you before the royalty of an erected heart. D'ee heare this my Lord, 'tis a doubtfull case, almost impossible to be decided, Look upon her well, as I hope to prosper, shee hath a most vertuous, a most innocent countenance. Never heed it. I know my Lord your jealousy and your affections wrestle together within you for them astery. Mark her beauty throughly. Now by all the power of Love, tis pity Shee should not be as fair within as without.

Alph. Could that be prov'd, I'de give my kingdom straight
And live a slave to her, and her perfections.

Enter Almada, Columello, Attendants.
Lords welconie, see thus arm in arm we pace
To the wide theater of blood and shame
My Queen and I, my Queen? had shee bin still
As shee was, mine, we might have liv'd too happ'ly,
For eithers comfort. Heer on this sweet modell,
This plott of wonder, this fair face, stands fixt

My whole felicity on earth. In witnes Whereof, behold (my Lords) those manly tears
Which her unkindnes and my cruell fate Force from their quiet springs, They speak alowd
To all this open ayre, their publick eyes,

That whither I kill or dy in this attempt
I shall in both be vanquisht.

Alm. Tis strange my Lord
Your love should seem so mighty in

your hatred.

Alph. Muretto go, and guard Petruchy safe.

Exit Muretto.

We must be stout now, and give over whineing.

He shall confesse strange things (my Lords) I warrant ye,

Comes not a champion yet? You'll see no Qu. None dares I hope.

Coll. The Queen you know, hath bound

herselfe alby Oath, We must not undertake to combat you Although the cause should prove apparent for her.

Alph. Must not? why then y'are cowards all, all base,

And fall off from your duties, but you know

Her follies are notorious, none dares stand

To justify a sin, they see so playnely.

Coll. You are too hard a censurer.

Alph. Giye me your hand, farewell, thus from my joy's

I part, I ever part, Yet good my Lords, Place her on yonder throne, where shee may sit

Just in mine eye, that so if strength should fail,

I might fetch double strength from her sweet beauty.

I le heare no answers.

Qu. Heaven be always guard To Noble actions place the Queen.

Coll. Heer's a medley love That kills in Curtesie.

Alph. Herald sound a trumpet warning to all defendants.

What comes no one forth: How like you this my Lords?

Sirrah sound again.

Second sound.

A Trumpet within.
Enter herald sounding, after him Velasco well arm'd all save the head, Lodovico and attendants.

Velasco? ha? art thou the man? although

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Thy cowardice hath publisht thee so base,

As that it is an injury to honour
To fight with one that hath been baffl'd

Scorn'd, and contumelied;

Yet I will bid thee welcom.

Velas. Nobly spoken; or will you say

Past times can tell you sir, I was no co-

ward, but to be revenged on me

And now the justice of a gallant quar-

rell

Shall new revive my dulnes, Yonder sits

A Queen as free from stain, of your dis-

grace, as is a virgin from her bairn

As you are fowle in urging it,

Alph. Thou talk'st courageously, I love

thee for it, And if thou canst make good what thou

avouchest,

I'll kneel to thee, as to another nature

Velas. We come not heer to chide, My

sword shall thunder, The right for which I strike.

Qu. Traitor to loyalty, Rash and unknown fool, what desperate

Hath led thee on to draw thy treache-

rous sword, upon a ground so

giddy That thou art but a stranger in the cause

Thou wouldest defend, By all my royall

blood.

If thou prevailst, thy head shal answer it.

Coll. Madam you wrong his truth, and

your own fame.

Alm. You violate the liberty of armes.

Alph. Pish, listen not to her, 'tis I'me

your man.

Qu. Why foolish Lords, unsensible

and false,

Can any drop of blood be drawn from

him

My Lord, your King, which is not drawn

from me?

Velas by the duty that thou ow'st me

I charge thee to lay by thy armes.

Velas. I must not,

Unless this man whom you call king,

confess

That he hath wrong'd your honor.

Qu. Wilt thou fight then

When I command the contrary?

Velas. I will.

Qu. Velasco. heare me once more, thou were wont

To be as pittifull as thou wert valiant,

I will entreat thee gentle kind Velasco;

A weeping Queen sues to thee, Doe not

fight,

Velasco, every blow thou givest the King,

Wounds mee, didst ever love? Velasco

hear me.

Alph. Shee must not be endur'd.

Velas. Nor can shee win me,

Blush you my Lord at this:

Qu. O let me dy

Rather then see my Lord affronted thus

Queen falls into a sound.

Velas. Hold up the Queen, she swoons.

Alm. Madam Deare Madam.

Coll. Can you see her and not be toucht

my Lord?

Was ever woman false that lov'd so truly

Alph. Tis all dissimulation.

Velas. You dishonour her,

To prove it I'll fight both quarrels now.

Enter a herald sounding a trumpet.

after him Petruchi arm'd head

and all.

Lodov. Heydò? here comes more work.

for metall men.

Alm. Another who should he be?

Alph. Speake what art thou?

Petr. One that am summon'd from the

power above

To guard the innocence of that fair Queen.

Not more against the man that would

accuse her.

Then all the world besides,

Th'art welcome too.

Velas. You come too late friend, I am

he alone

Stand ready to defend that gracious

beauty.

You may return.

Petr. Ther s not a man alive

Has interest in this quarrel but my selfe,

I out of mine own knowledg can avord

Her accusation to be incerly false,

As hel it selfe.

The QUEEN,

Qu. What mortall man is he,
So wilfull in his confidence, can sweare
More then he knowes.

Petr. I swear but what I know.

Alph. Hast thou a name?

Petr. Yes, helpe my beaver down,
D'ee know me now?

Lodovico discovers him

Alph. Petruchi ! death of manhood,
I am plainly bought & sold, why wher's
Muretto ?

Enter Muretto with a
sword drawn.

Muret. Here as ready to stand in de-
fence of that Miracle of chaste women, as
any man in this presence.

Alph. Are all conspir'd against me? what
thou too?

Now by my fathers ashes, by my life
Thou art a villain, a grosse rank rous vil-
lain,

Didst not thou only first inforce my
thoughts to jealousy?

Muret. Tis true I did.

Alph. Nay more,
Didst not thou feed those thoughts with
fresh supplies
Nam'd every circumstance?

Muret. All this I grant.

Alph. Dost grant it, Dog, slave, Hel-
hound?

Muret. Will you hear me?

Coll. Heare him good my Lord, let us
perswade ye,

Alph. What canst thou say Impostor?
speak and choake.

Muret. I have not deserv'd this my
Lord, and you shall find it, 'tis true, I
must confesse, that I was the only instru-
ment to incense you to this distempera-
ture and I am proud to say it, and say
it again before this noble presenee, that
I was my selfe the only man.

Alph. Insufferable Devil!

Alm. Pray my Lord.

Muret. Wonder not my Lords, but
lend mee your attentions, I saw with
what violence he pursude his resolutions
not more in detestation of the Queen in
particular, then of all her sex in gene-

rall. That I may not weary your pati-
ence: I bent all my Studies to devise,
which way I might do service to my
country, by reclayming the distraction
of his discontents. And having felt his
disposition in every pulse, I found him
most addicted to this pestilence of jealo-
sy with a strong persuasion of which ; I
from time to time, ever fed him by de-
grees, till I brought the Queen and the
noble Petruchi into the dangers they
yet stand in. But with all (and herin I
appeale to your Majesties own approba-
tion) I season'd my words with such an
intermixing i the praises of the Queens
bewty, that from jealousy I drew the King
into a serious examination of her per-
fections.

Alph. Thus farr I must acknowledg,
he speaks truth.

Muret. At length having found him
indeed surely affected, I perceav'd , that
nothing but the suppos'd blemish of her
dishonour, could work a second divorce
between them.

Alph. True, truly fates own truth.

Muret. Now my Lords, to cleer that
imputation, I knew how easie it would
be, by the apparent certainty it selfe, In
all which, if I have erred, it is the error
of a loyall service. Only I must ever ac-
knowledg how justly I have deserved
a punishment, in drawing so vertuous a
princesses honor into publick question;
and humbly referr my selfe to her graci-
ous clemency , and your noble con-
structions.

Alph. But can, can this be so ?

Muret. Let me ever else, be the subject
of your rage,in the sufferance of any tor-
ture.

Alph. And is thee chaste Petruchi ?

Petr. Chaste by vertue,
As is the new born virgin , for ought I
know.

Muret. I ever whisperd so much in
your ears my Lord, and told you, that it
was impossible such singular endow-
ments by nature , should yeild to the
corruption so much, as of an unworthy
thought.

Did I not tell you so from time to time,

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Alph. Lay by your arms, my lords, and
joyn with me.

Let's kneel to this (what shall I call
her?) Woman?

No, she's an Angel. Glory of Crea-
tion,

All kneel.

Can you forget my wickedness? Your
Peers,

Your Senators, your bravest men, make
suit on my behalf. Why speak ye not,
my lords?

I am I know too vile to be remitted,
But she is merciful.

All. Great Sovereign Lady--

Qu. Be not so low, my lord, in your
own thoughts:

You are, as you were, Sovereign of my
heart;

And I must kneel to you.

Alph. But will you love me?

Qu. 'Tis my part to ask that: will you
love me?

Alph. Ever, yours ever; let this kiss
new marry us.

What say?

Qu. It does; and heaven it self can
tell

I never did, nor will wrong our first
loves.

Alph. Speak it no more. Let's rise,
now I am King.

Of two rich Kingdoms, as the world af-
fords:

The Kingdom of thy beauty, and this
land.

But what rests for Muretto?

Qu. I account my worthiest thanks
his debt.

Alm. And he deserves all honor, all
respect.

Col. Thus my imbraces

Can witness how I truly am his friend.

Velas. And I whilst I have life.

Lodov. Nay when I am dead I, will
appear again, clasp thee on the shoulder
and cry, God a' mercy old Suresby.

Petr. I must ask pardon of him, still I
thought

His plot had aim'd all at his own be-
hoof,

But I am sorry for that misconceit,

Muret. My lords, What I have been

bheretofore, I cannot altogether excuse;
ut I am sure my desires were alwaies
monest, however my low fortune kept
me down: But now I finde tis your ho-
er st man is your honest man still, how-
e the world go.

Alph. Muretto, Whilst I live thou
shalt be neer me,
As thou deservest: And noble Gentle-
men

I am in all your debts: henceforth be-
lieve me,

I'll strive to be a servant to the State.

All. Long live happy both.

Alph. But where are now my brace
of new-made Courtiers,

My Scholler and my Captain?

Lodov. I cry guilty, there is a large
story depends upon their exploits, my
Lord; for both they thinking in such pe-
rilous times to be shifting, every man
for one, have took a passing provident
course to live without help hereafter.
The man in the moon, Signior Pynto,
for the raising of his fortune a Planet
higher, is by this time married to a
kinde of loose-bodied widow, called
by Sirname a Bawde; one that if he
follow wholesom instructions, will
maintain him, there's no question on't,
the captain for his part, is somewhat more
delicately resolv'd for as adventurous
(though not as frail) a piece of service.
For he in hope to marry this lady, at-
tending on the Queen, granted Petruchi
his liberty, and by this time hath recei-
ved a sufficient quietus est.

Alph. Are these my trusty servants?
What a blindness was I led into!

Lodov. If your Highnesses both will
in these daies of mirth crown the Co-
medy; first let me from the Queens roy-
al gift be bold to receive Herophil for my
wife; She and I are resolv'd of the bu-
iness already.

Qu. With all my heart, I think hei
well bestow'd,
If she her self consents.

Her. My duty, Madam,
Shall ever speak my thankfulness, in
this

I reckon all my services rewarded.

Velas. Much

The QUEEN, act 4

Velas. Much comfort to you friend.

All. All joy and peace.

Lodov. My duty to my Sovereigns, to all therest at once, my heartiest heartiest thanks. Now, lady, you are mine; why so, here's short work to begin with. If in the end we make long work, and beget a race of mad-caps, we shall but do as our fathers and mothers did, and they must be cared for.

Enter Pynto, Bufo, Mopas, with a tire upon his head, and Shaparoon:

Pyn. Follow me not bawde; my lord the King; My love, justice, justice. Bufo. Justice to me, I was like to have been married to these black muschatoes instead of that lady.

Pyn. I to this ugly bawde.

Both. Justice.

Alph. Hence you ridiculous fools, I banish you For ever from my presence! Sirrah, to

I give the charge, that they be forthwith stript, And put into such rags they came to

Court in; And so turn'd off!

Pyn. Dost hear me King?

Bufo. King hear me, I'me the wiser man.

Alph. No more I say.

Mop. Come away, come away for shame; you see what tis to be given to the flesh: the itch of lechery must be cured with the whip of correction. Away, away.

Exeunt Bufo, Pynto,

Mopas and Shaparoon.

Alph. What else remains But to conclude this day in Hymen's Feasts?

Enter Salasa her hair loose, the white rod in her hand, two or three bags of money.

To whom; for what; Your meaning, name, and errand?

Salas. At those feet Lay down those sums of gold, the price of guilt, Of shame, of horror.

Qu. What new riddle's this? Muretto whispers the King, Colluccio the Queen.

Muret. My Gracious lord.

Col. I shall inform your Highness.

Velas. Woman of impudence.

Salas. Your looks proclaim My sentence banishment; or if you think

The word of banishment too hard to utter.

But turn away, my lord, and without accent

I'll understand my doom, I'll take my leave,

And like a penitentary walk

Many miles hence to a religious shrine

Of some chaste sainted Nun, and wash my sin off.

In tears of penance, to my last of breath.

Velas. You come to new torment me.

Salas. I am gone, my lord; I go for ever.

Going out.

Lodov. Faith be merciful, the woman will prove a wife worth the having, I'll pass my word.

Alph. E'ne so; stay, lady, I command you, stay.

Velasco here's occasion proffer'd now For me to purchase some deserving favour

From woman; honour me in my first suit;

Remit and love that lady.

Velas. Good my lord.

Alph. Nay, nay, I must not be deny'd, my Queen

Shall joyn with me to mediate for her.

Qu. Yes, I dare undertake, she that presents

Her penance in such sorrow, hearty sorrow;

Will know how to redeem the time with duty,

With love, obedience. Let us go.

Lodov. D'ee hear, my lord; all the ladies in Arragon, and my wife among the rest, will bait ye like so many wild cats,

or the Excellency of her S E X.

if you should triumph over a poor yeeling creature, that does in a manner lye down to ye of her own accord. 'Come, I know you love her with all the very vaines of your heart.

Muret. There's more hope of one woman reclaim'd (my lord) then of many conceited of their own innocence, which indeed they never have but in conceit.

Velas. To strive against the ordinance of fate,
I finde is all in vain : Lady, your hand,
I must confess I love you, and I hope
Our faults shall be redeem'd in being
henceforth
True votaries to vertue, and the faith

Our mutual vows shal to each other ow
Say, are you mine, resolv'd ?

Lodov. Why that's well said.

Salas. Yours, as you please to have
me:

Velas. Here then ends
All memory of any former strife :
He hath enough who hath a vertuous wife.

All. Long joy to both.

Alph. The money we return
Where it is due ; and for *Velasco*'s merits
Will double it. Thus after storms a calm

Is ever welcomest : Now we have past
The worst, and all I hope is well at last

Exeunt.

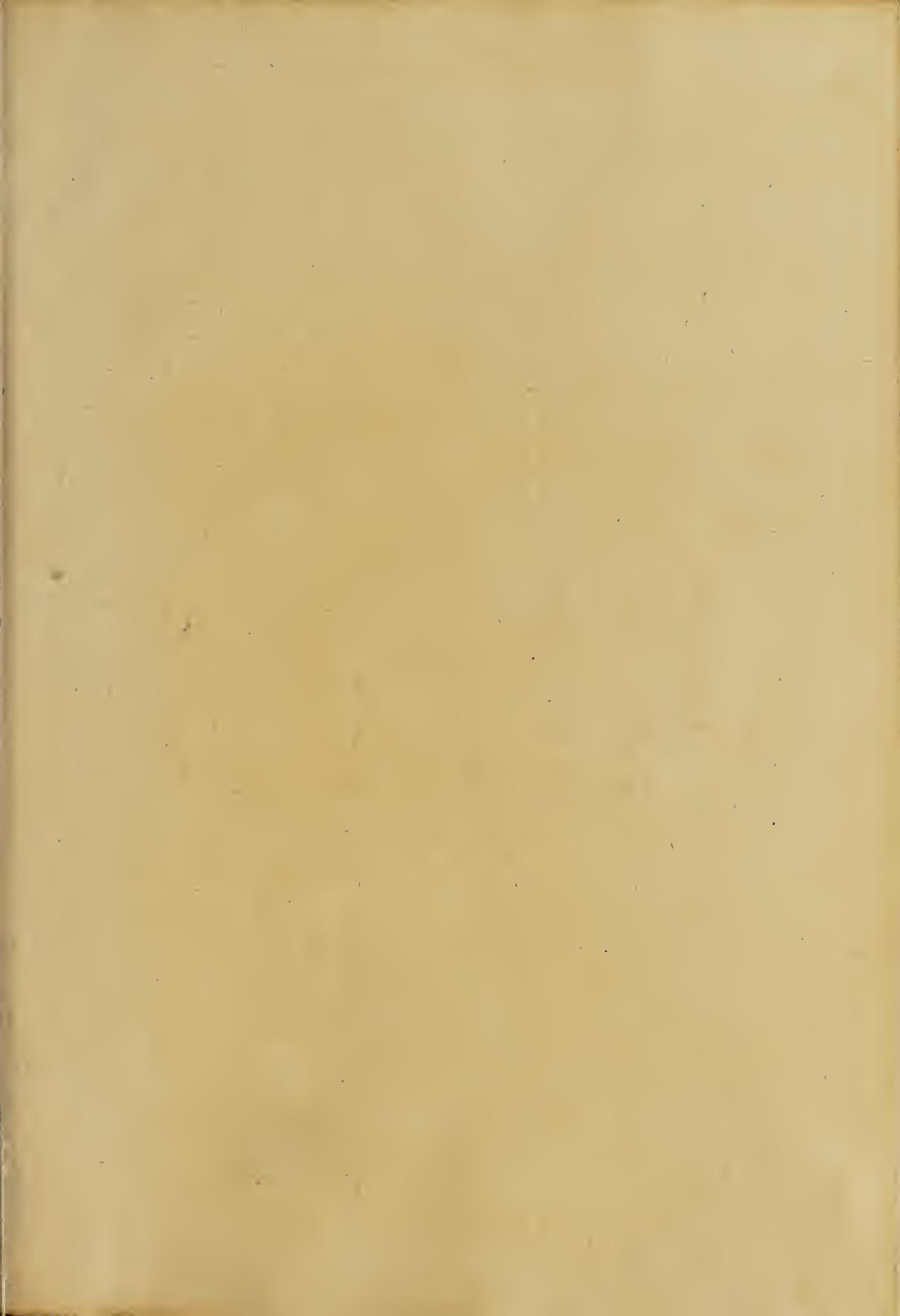
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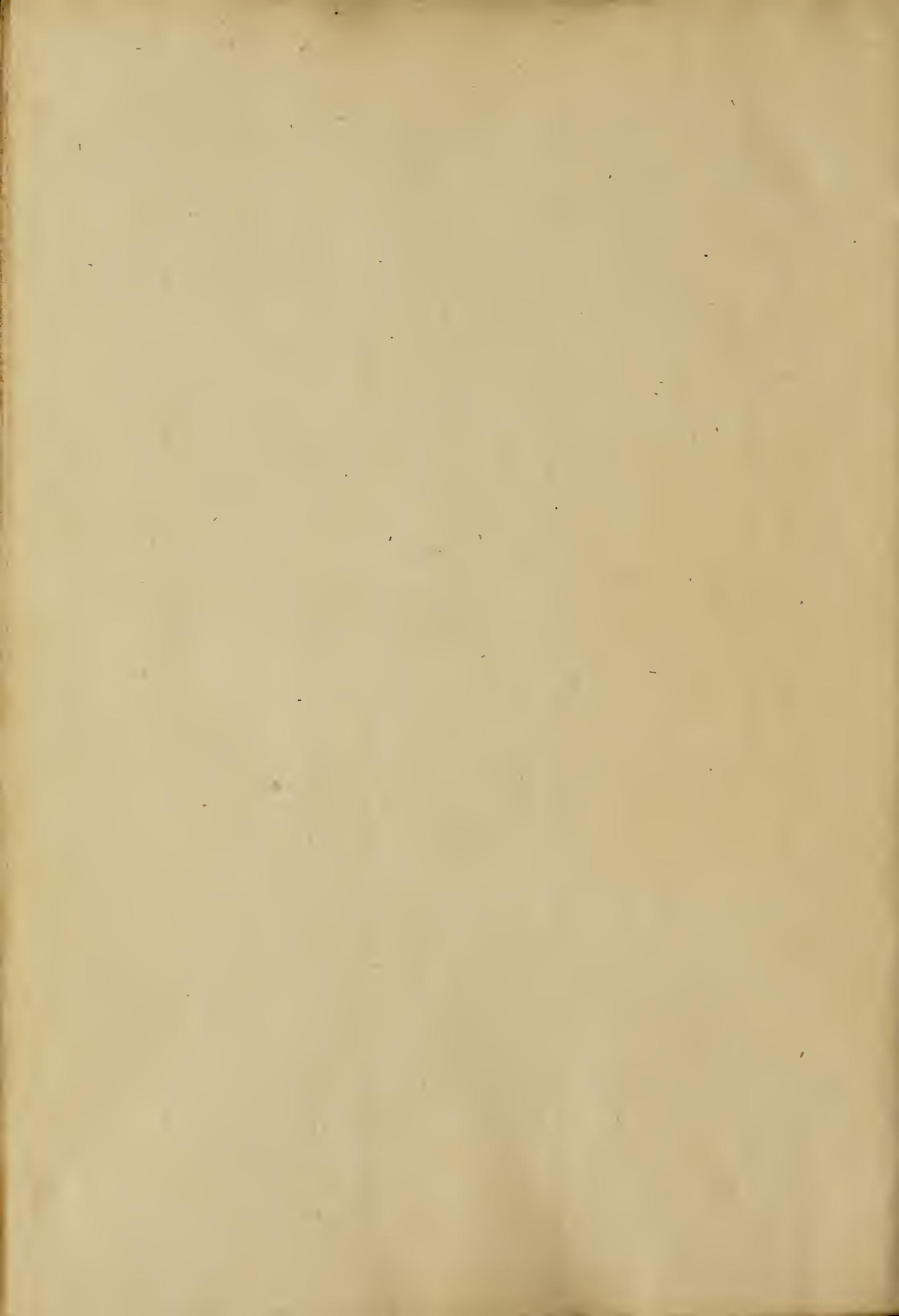
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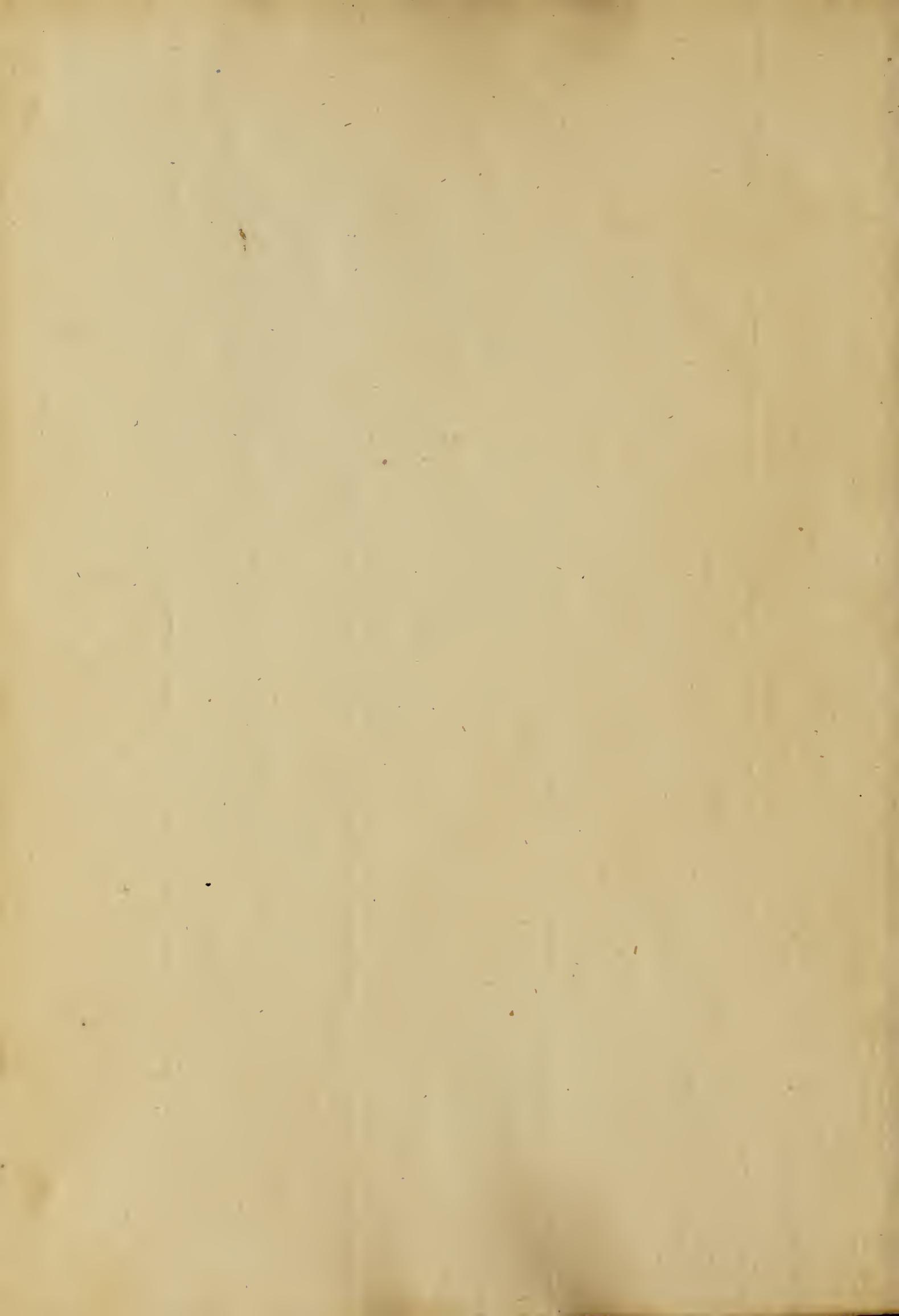
the following table, it will be seen that
the average number of hours per day
spent in the study of the subjects
is considerably less than that given

3000 na Fazenda da
Fazenda do Rio Pernambuco
comunidade de São José

21 MAY 19







of

